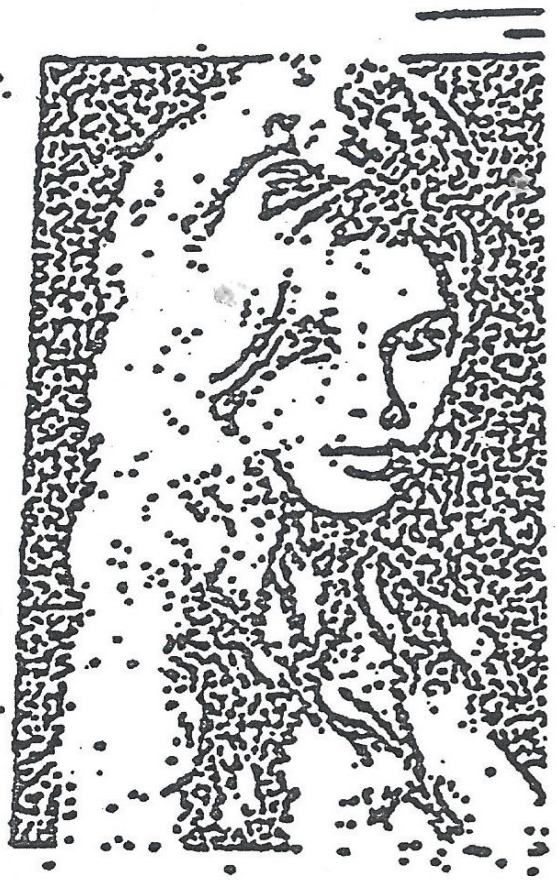
SIM CINEMA

FOR MEN ONLY

#1

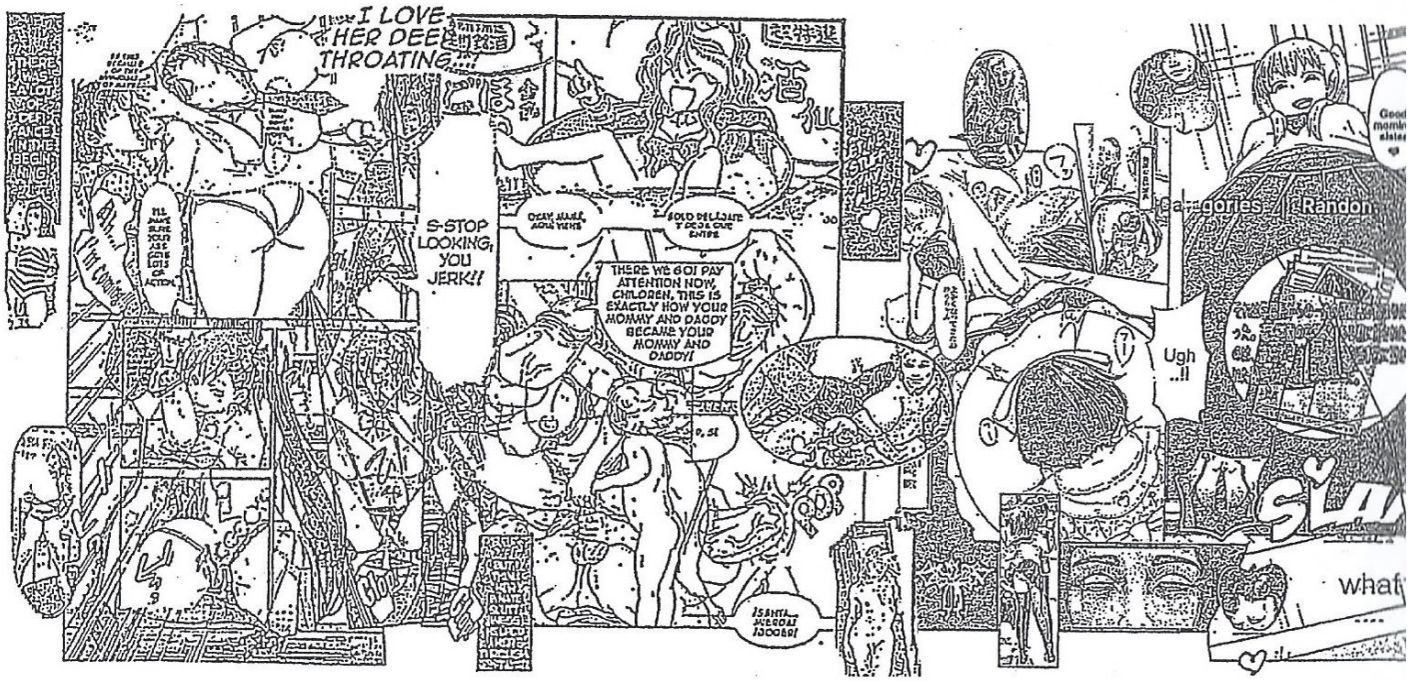


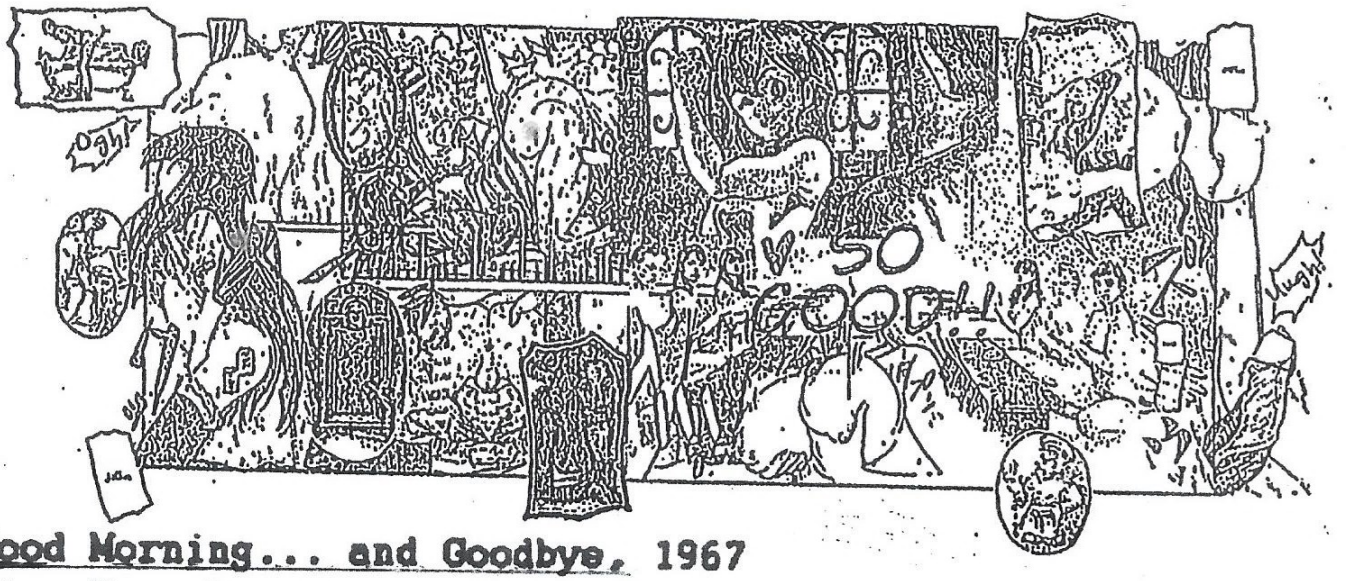
WELCOME TO SIMP CINEMA ISSUE #1
THE BEST BOOBS IN MOVIES
PLEASE ENJOY AS THERE PROBABLY
WON'T BE AN ISSUE #2
BECAUSE THIS SHIT TOOK FUCKING
AGES TO MAKE

NAHGRATITUDE ON INSTAGRAM

OFFICIAL SIMP CINEMA BABES ON FILM
HALL OF FAME

Helen Mirren in Age of Consent, 1969
Ophelie Bau in Mektoub, My Love: Canto Uno, 2017
Patricia Arquette in Lost Highway, 1997
Jamie Lee Curtis in Trading Places, 1983
Christina Ricci in Buffalo 66, 1998
Kate Fischer in Sirens, 1994
Zoe Carides in Death in Brunswick, 1990
Kajol in Dilwale Dulhania Le Jayenge, 1995

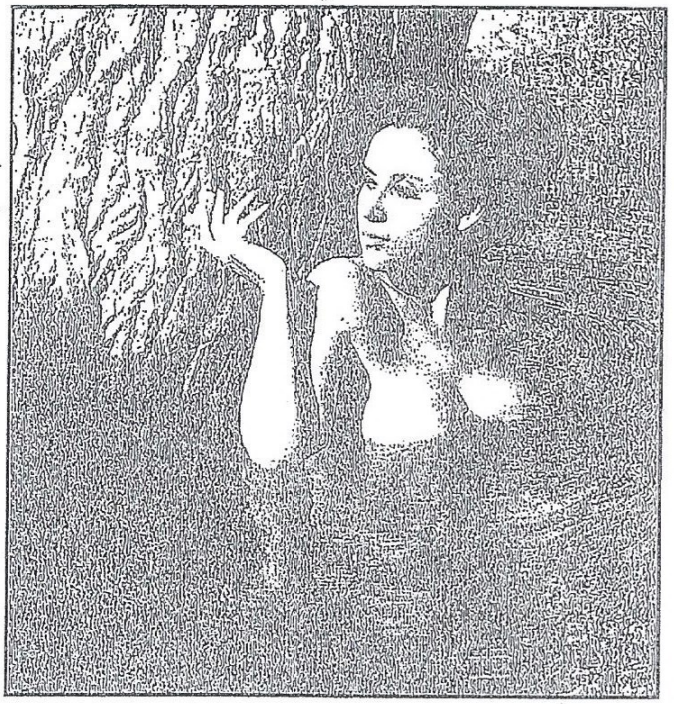

I LOVE HER DEEP THROATING
S-STOP LOOKING, YOU JERK!!
THERE WE GO! PAY ATTENTION NOW, CHILDREN, THIS IS EXACTLY HOW YOUR MOMMY AND DADDY BECAME YOUR MOMMY AND DADDY!
Ugh ..!!
what



Good Morning... and Goodbye, 1967
dir. Russ Meyer

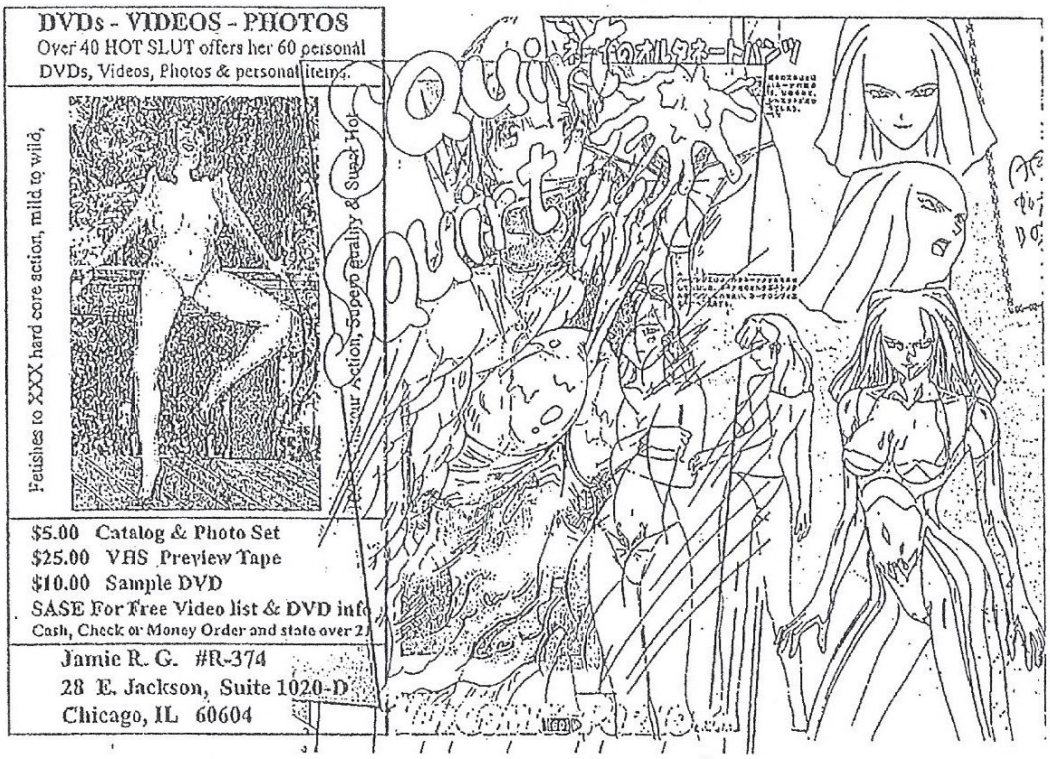
Alaina Capri is the titanically-proportioned Meyer gal at the head of this love triangle or actually more of a six pointed star of david between the impossibly-bosomed Angel, her impotent husband Burt, her sidepiece & local lothario Stone who is sweet on her 17 year old stepdaughter Lana who is trying to boogie her way into the boardshorts of local pond surfer Ray who himself has a thing for Angel. Phew. Things get really hysterical when Burt is cured of his impotence by an Asiatic-looking wood nymph (who for some reason is hanging out in rural america) and, mojo-rejuvenated, returns to reassert his dominance in the marital bed - giving the audience a timely reminder that all these bratty women really want is a strong man to put them in their place.

Capri shines as the chesty cuckoldress Angel. Sadly she would only make two films in her short career before retiring to become a schoolteacher where I'm sure she inspired the first sexual stirrings of many of her young pupils. The movie is overall pretty light on nudity, but Cara Peters and her bouncing torpedo tits (see also Space Thing review) make a short but memorable cameo as the frolicking flasher credited only as The Nude.



Blame It on Rio, 1984
dir. Stanley Donen

Heartwarming, quasi-incestuous comedy in which Michael Caine goes on holiday and starts banging his best friend's teenage daughter, played by the beautiful & well-endowed Michelle Johnson. Remarkably, it was directed by the same guy that made Singin' in the Rain and Seven Brides for Seven Brothers. In one scene a showgirl drags Michael Caine onstage in front of a packed audience and start aggressively grinding her butt on his crotch. If that happened to me I would be bricked tf up and it would be very embarrassing. 10/10. Also features a very young, pre-implants Demi Moore topless. However her nice-but-average-sized tits are largely overshadowed by Michelle Johnson's giant cans. Pauline Kael loved this movie.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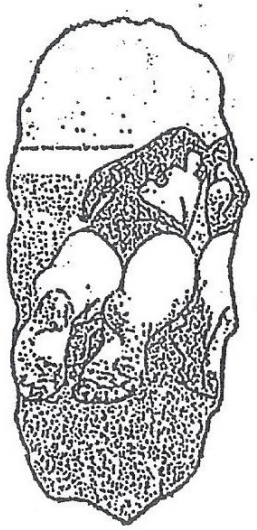
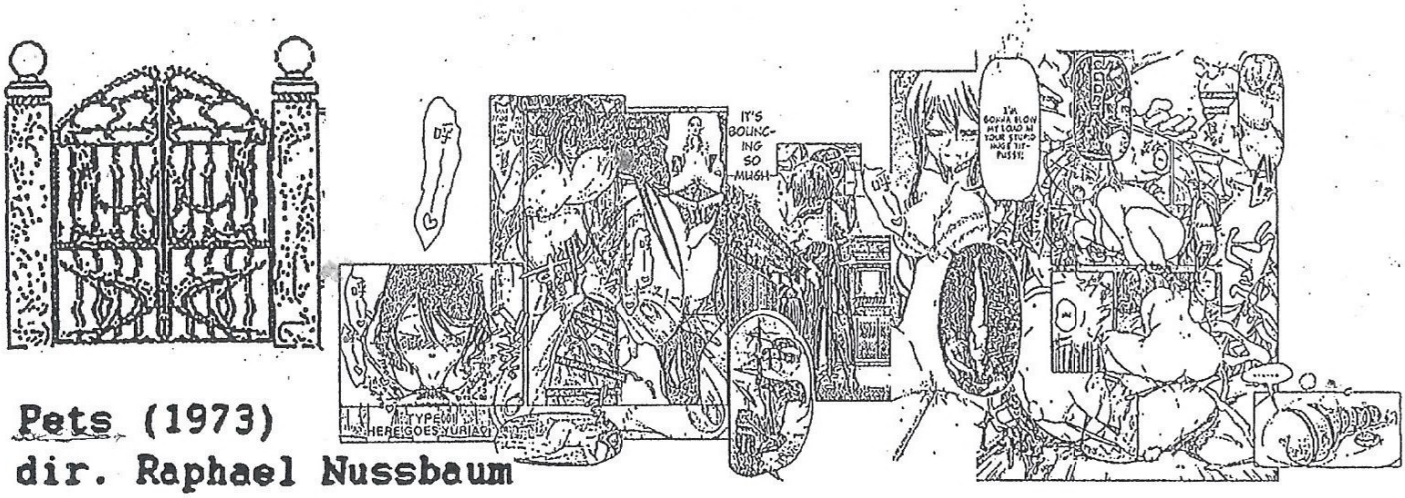
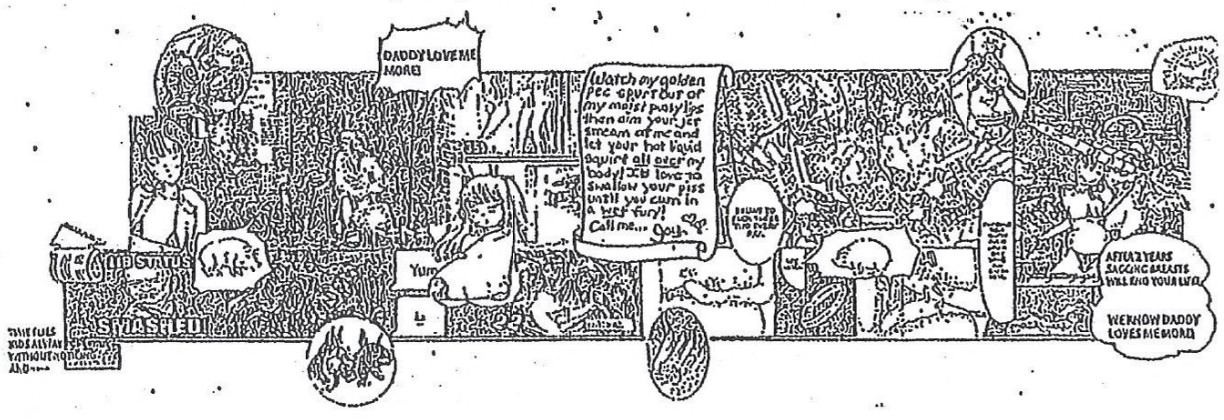




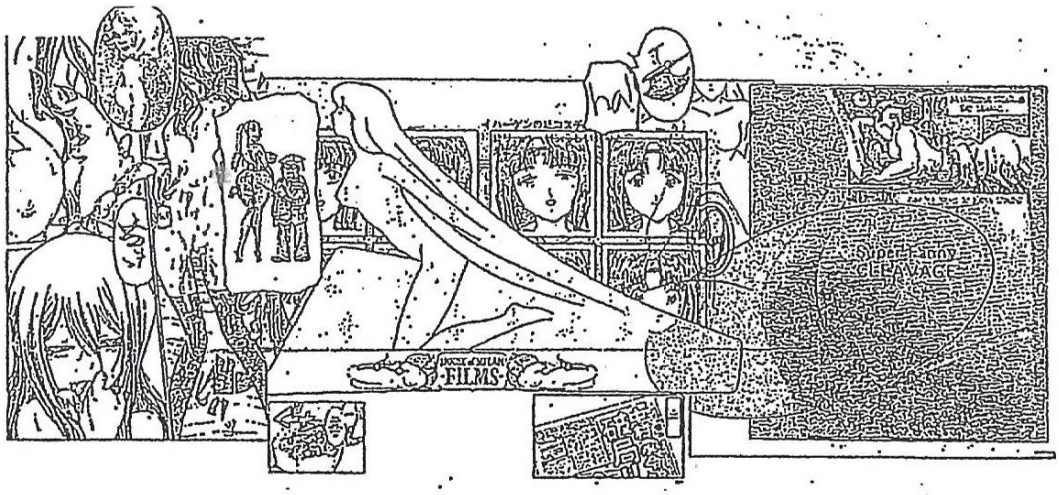
Pets (1973)
dir. Raphael Nussbaum

Teenage runaway Bonnie is a helpless nymphomanic that can't seem to stay out of trouble. Played by 10/10 dynamite big-titte blonde Candice Rialson (who was allegedly the inspiration for Bridget Fonda's version of Melanie in Jackie Brown), she perfectly embodies the barefoot, braless and sexually liberated aka slutty young woman of the seventies. Bonnie's healthy physique and loose morals guide her on an odyssey through the seedy streets and beaches of seventies LA.

Teaming up w a street smart stick up artist who preys on horny middle aged men, Bonnie learns the power she wields in the kill or be killed world of sexual politics. However, when you trade solely on your looks you quickly become an object to be jealously guarded & so Bonnie finds herself a captive, first figuratively in her dependence on a jealous older lesbian, then more literally when sunny LA is traded for a gothic castle where Bonnie is held prsioner by a villainous art collector who gives a rousing spiel about the perils of womens lib that had me nodding my damn head off in agreement.

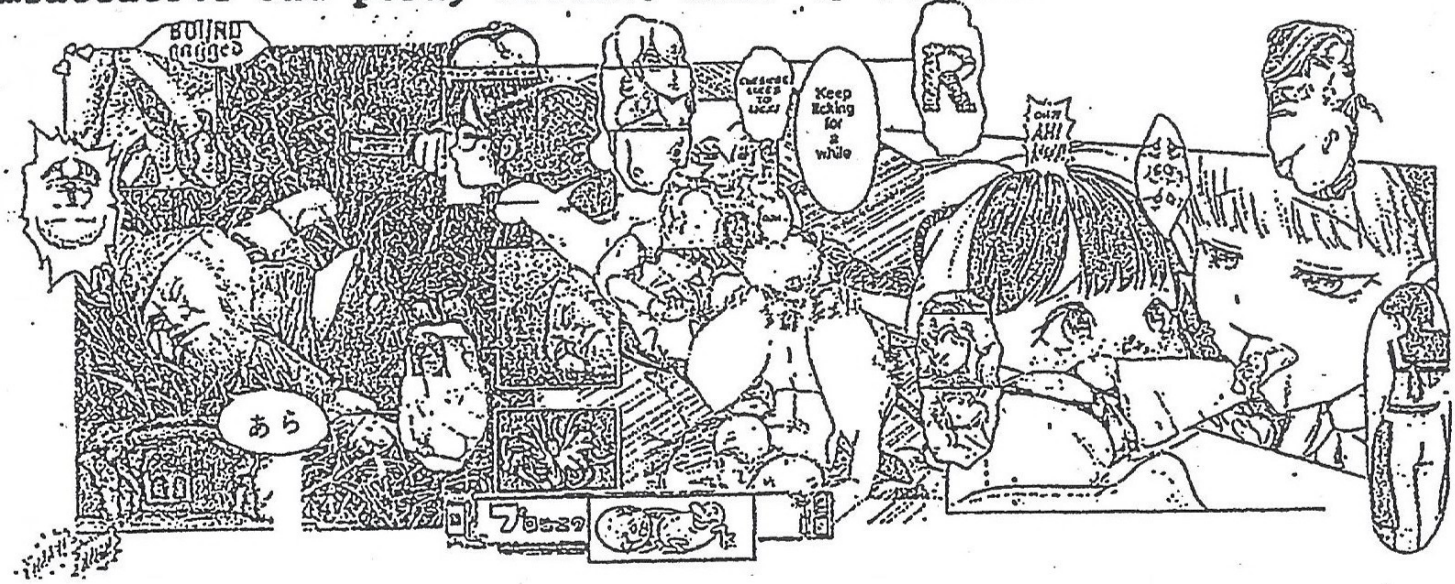

DADDY LOVE ME MORE!
Watch my golden pec spurt out of my moist pasty lips then aim your jet stream at me and let your hot liquid squirt all over my body! I'll love to swallow your piss until you cum in a yellow fury! Call me... Oguy.
Yum
SMASHED!
AFTER 2 YEARS SACKING BALLETS WILL FIND YOUR LOVE
WE KNOW DADDY LOVES ME MORE!

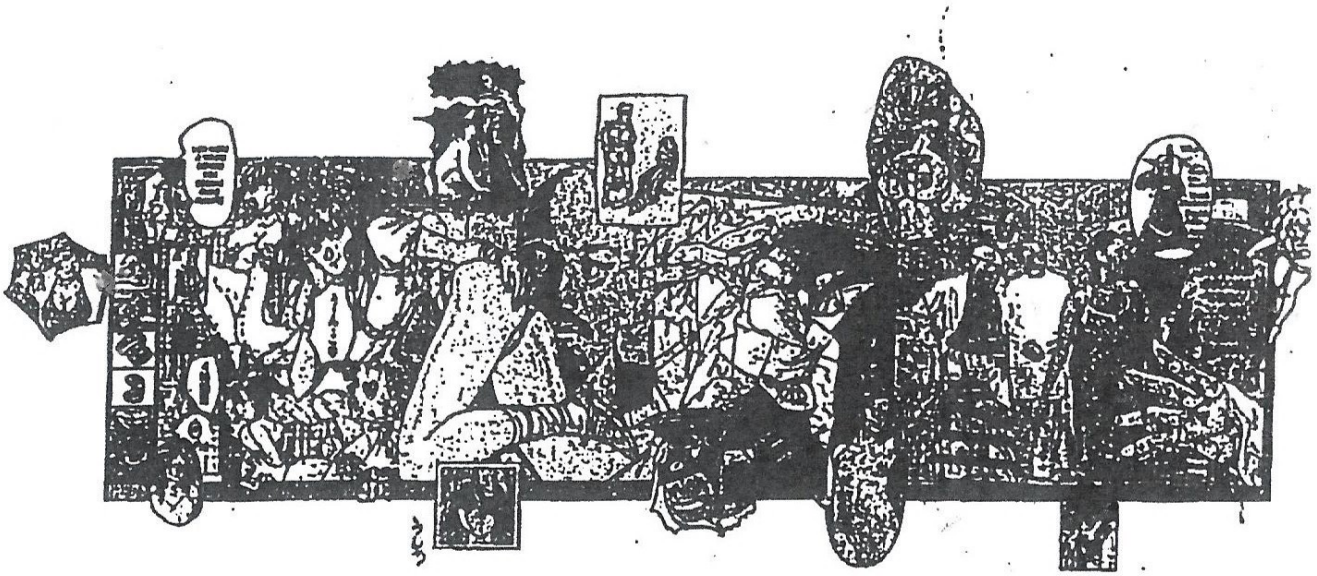
The Nude Vampire.
1970
dir. Jean Rollin

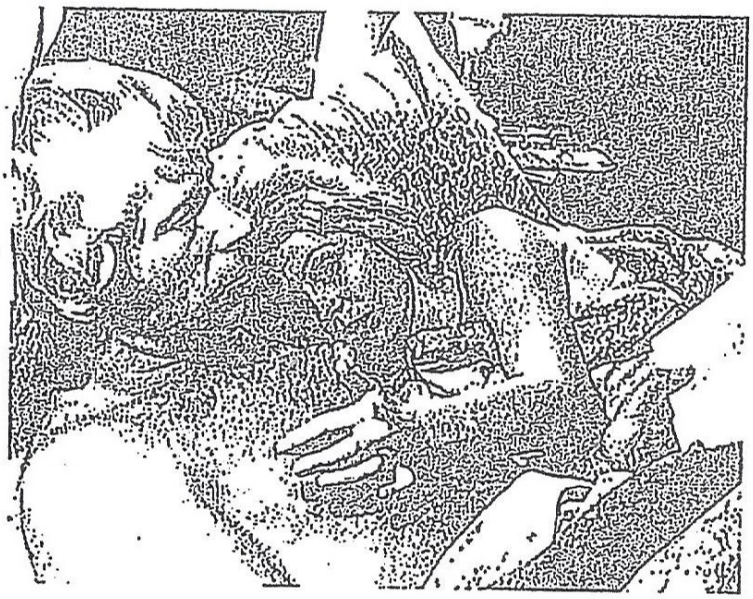


Curvy, raven-haired beauty Caroline Cartier stars as the is-she-or-isn't-she titular vampire in this surreal tale from French madman Jean Rollin, the master of chesty female vampire pictures. Cartier is

a seemingly immortal vampiress caught between two warring sects - one a masked suicide cult led by 3 wealthy businessmen out to harness her powers of immortality for themselves, the other a hippy dippy earth cult led by a ridiculous scifi-looking motherfucker in a cape. A real product of his time, Rollin is not exactly subtle in his message that the film's real vampire is capitalism maaaaaaan... however there are enough voluptuous French broads running around to overlook this heavy-handedness. Cartier spends much of the movie covered up in a billowing orange robe unfortunately, but the curvaceous black chick who shows up for one erotic dance number then disappears & the odd but alluring Rollin-favourites the Castel twins, with their matching miniskirts and perky bosoms, make up for it.



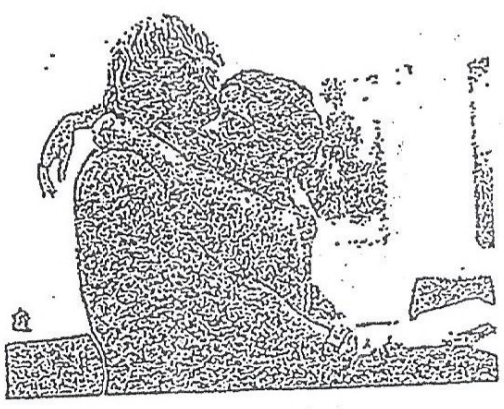


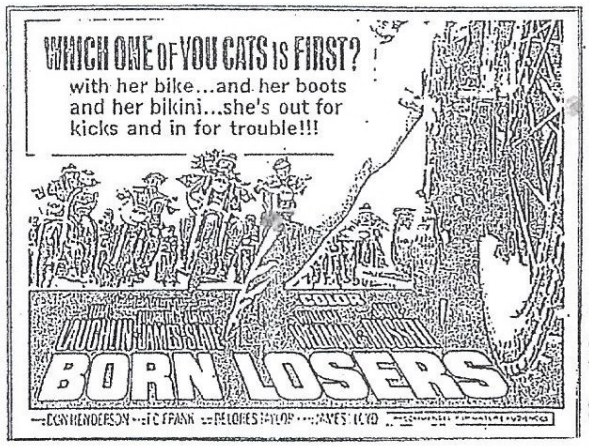


Petersen (1974)
dir. Tim Burstall

Ozploitation fare about an ex-footy player who shags every sheila he comes across. From the director of aussie smash hit Alvin Purple (1973), Petersen seems like an attempt to make a serious version of that film while still employing the winning formula of shit tonnes of 70s tits and bush to put punters in seats. You get the impression that Burstall didn't really have enough material to fill out a single plot line and instead we get a smorgasbord of hot button issues from the time - everything from women's lib to abortion, class politics, the breakdown of law and order, wife-swapping etc gets summarily mentioned before pushing on to the next nude scene. Apparently Kubrick was a big fan of Petersen, and the film's several rape scenes and police brutality do feel a big Clockwork Orange-y

The roster of aussie female talent is outstanding - Jacki Weaver and her big dumb eyes are perfectly cast as Petersen's oblivious wife, and Wendy Hughes steals the show as the horny, unfaithful English professor with big rockin' tits.



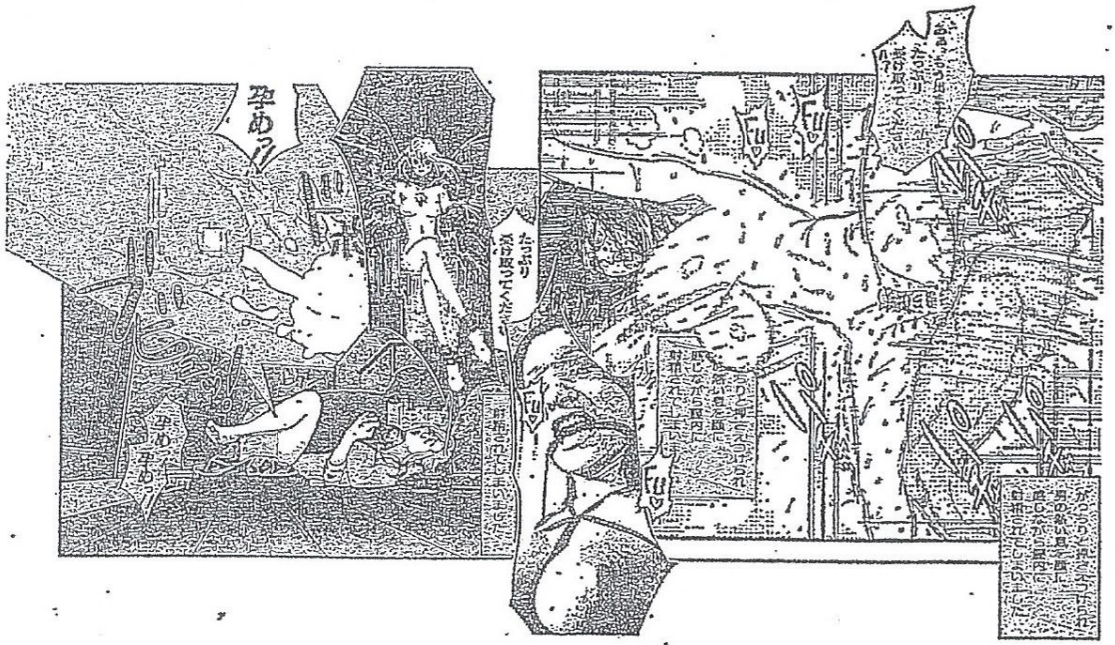


The Born Losers (1967)
dir. Tom Laughlin

Hellish biker gang the BORN LOSERS terrorizes a quiet California beach town - assaulting its motorists and raping its young girls. And PLOT TWIST: The chicks love it! They even go sneaking back at night for second and third helpings! "I LIKED IT MOTHER! BECAUSE THEY ARE EVERYTHING THAT YOU'RE NOT!" one "victim" announces, much to the horror of family & law enforcement.

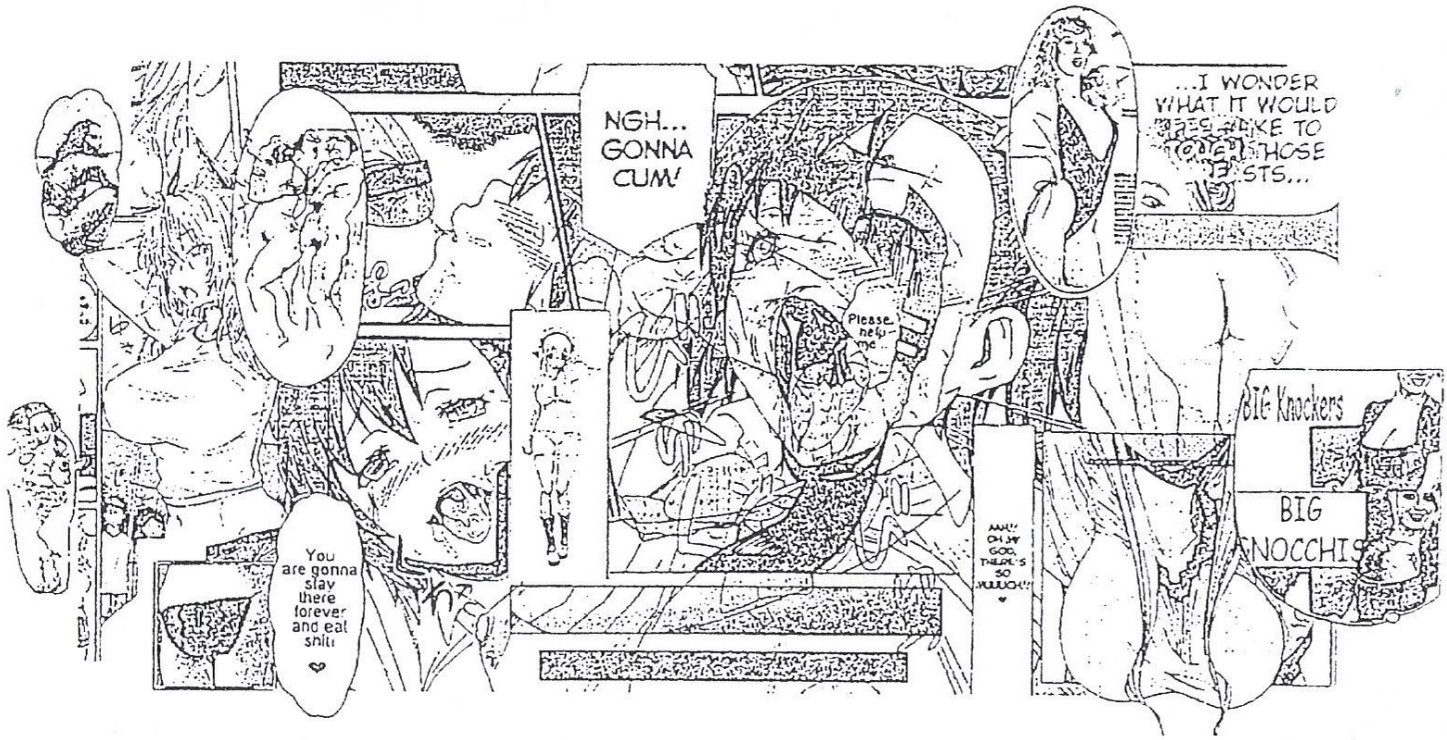
Anyways, when the law won't step in to stop the 2 wheeled hellions, local badass Billy Jack (part Injun part Green Beret) decides to take matters into his own hands, picking up an ol' lady of his own along the way in Vicky Barrington - a local rich girl that the Losers are seeking to make part of their own stable of female hangers-on.

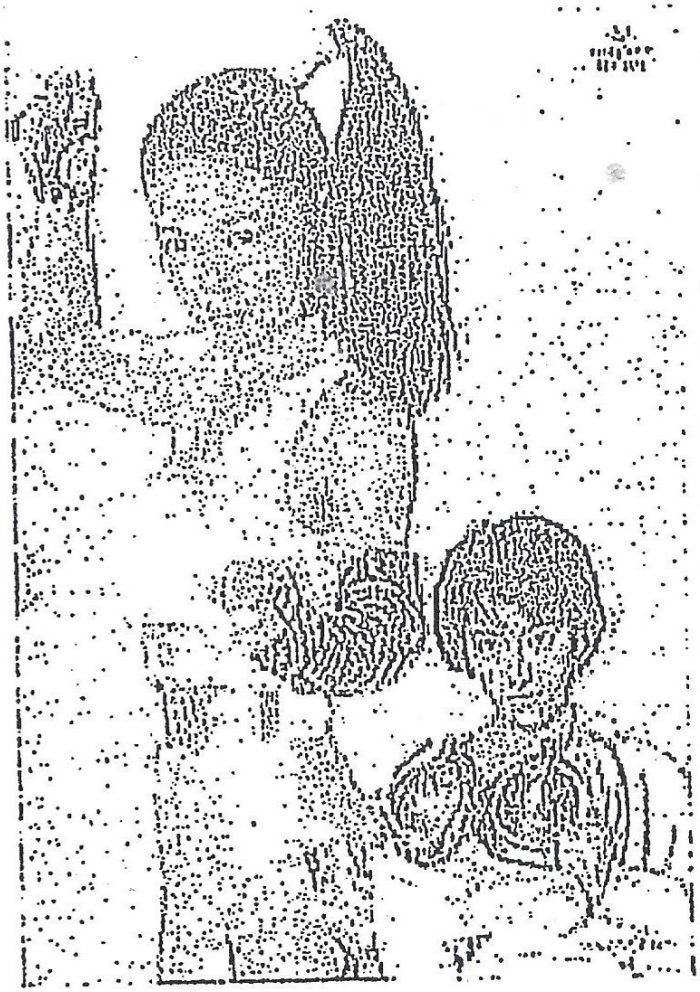
No nudity in this one but there are some great 1960s bikini babes. My favourite is Jodell Shorn, who has the ideal, all natural sixties bod that makes watching crappy old movies like this worthwhile- big, homegrown tits, wide hips and almost no ass. In an unexpected cameo, her mother is played by none other than Jane Russell, whose career must have really been on the skids at this point. Old Jane is looking ROUGH as hell, and is decidedly more pear than hourglass-shaped, but still, has a boozy ex-showgirl kind of sexiness to her that was appreciated by this viewer



The Smile of the Fox (1992)
dir. Sergio Martino

Sergio Martino directed a string of killer giallos in the 70s (All the Colors of the Dark, Torso, The Suspicious Death of a Minor) and was the undisputed king of capturing Edwige Fenech on film - casting her in her two sexiest roles in Giovannona Long-Thigh and Sex with a Smile. But by the nineties he had lost his mojo, though he still had an eye for stunning lead actresses. Smile of the Fox follows a corrupt cop-turned-hitman out to get revenge on the gangsters that double crossed him and killed his family yadda yadda yadda... the plot is basically just window dressing for Debora Caprioglio's giant fucking tits. Slim & stacked (& I mean STACKED) Caprioglio can't act for shit, but that barely matters as she spends most of her screentime in this dancing around naked & fucking on various uncomfortable-looking surfaces. 4/10 story 10/10 tits..

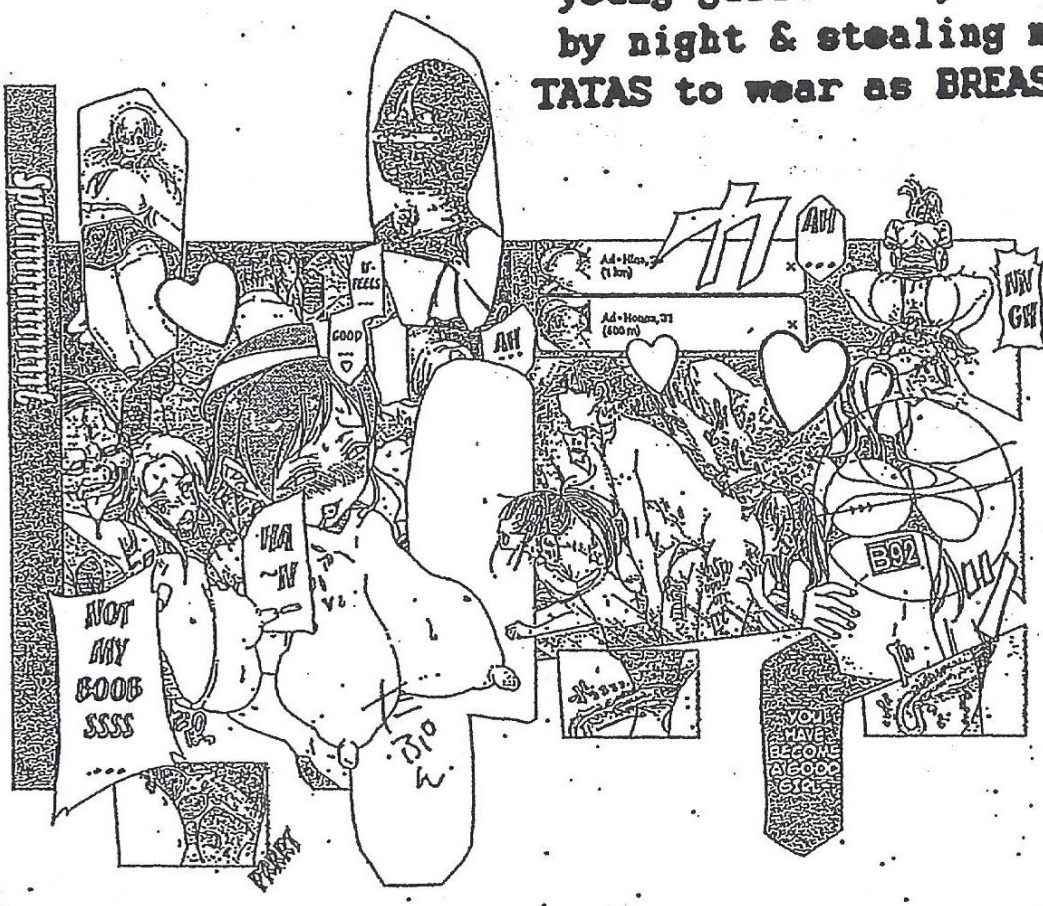

NGH... GONNA CUM!
...I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD FEEL LIKE TO GRAB THOSE BOOBS...
Please help me
You are gonna stay there forever and eat shit!
BIG Knockers
BIG NOCCHIS



Big Boobs Buster (1990)
dir. Hisashi Watanabe

The production value on this film is pretty high end considering it was a straight to video release made basically as an excuse to point cameras up girls skirts and rip fresh young tits from blouses ARGHHHHH (.)(.) I really admire the way the Japs have no qualms about lusting after ripe young schoolgirls.

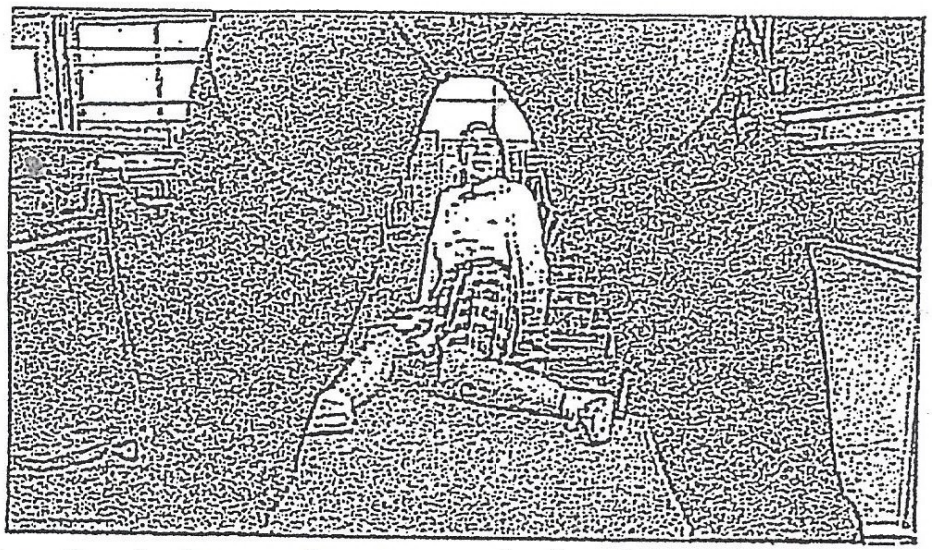
I don't speak Japanese and I watched a rip of this that didn't have subtitles so my understanding of the plot is limited...But basically, after being rejected for being too flat-chested our protagonist Masako transforms into the supervillain BIG BOOBS BUSTER and embarks upon a campaign of terror against top-heavy young girls everywhere - attacking them by night & stealing molds of their TATAS to wear as BREASTplated armour.



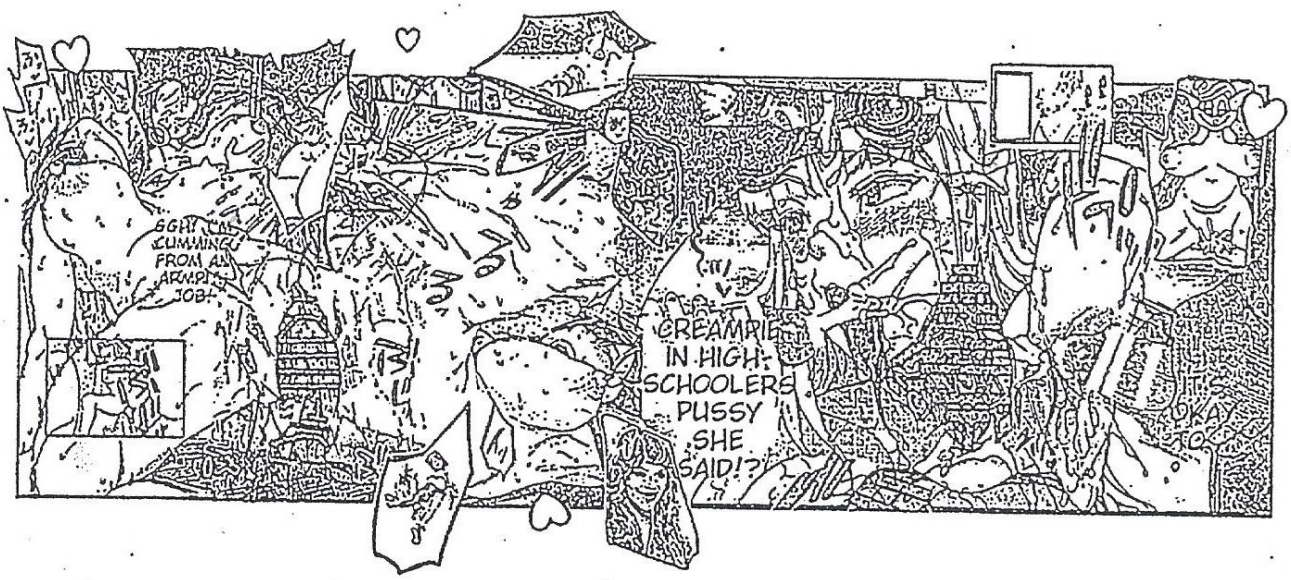
Masako's trophies quickly RACK up, until she meets her match in the tougher, sexier Kyoko, who after giving Buster what for, encourages her to start hiting the gym instead of taking her itty bitty temper tantrums

Yummy!

out on big-bosomed innocents. The remainder of the film is devoted to Kyoko putting BUSTER through her paces in an extended training montage - the message of the film being that if you work out heaps boys will overlook the fact that you have small tits (not true in my opinion).

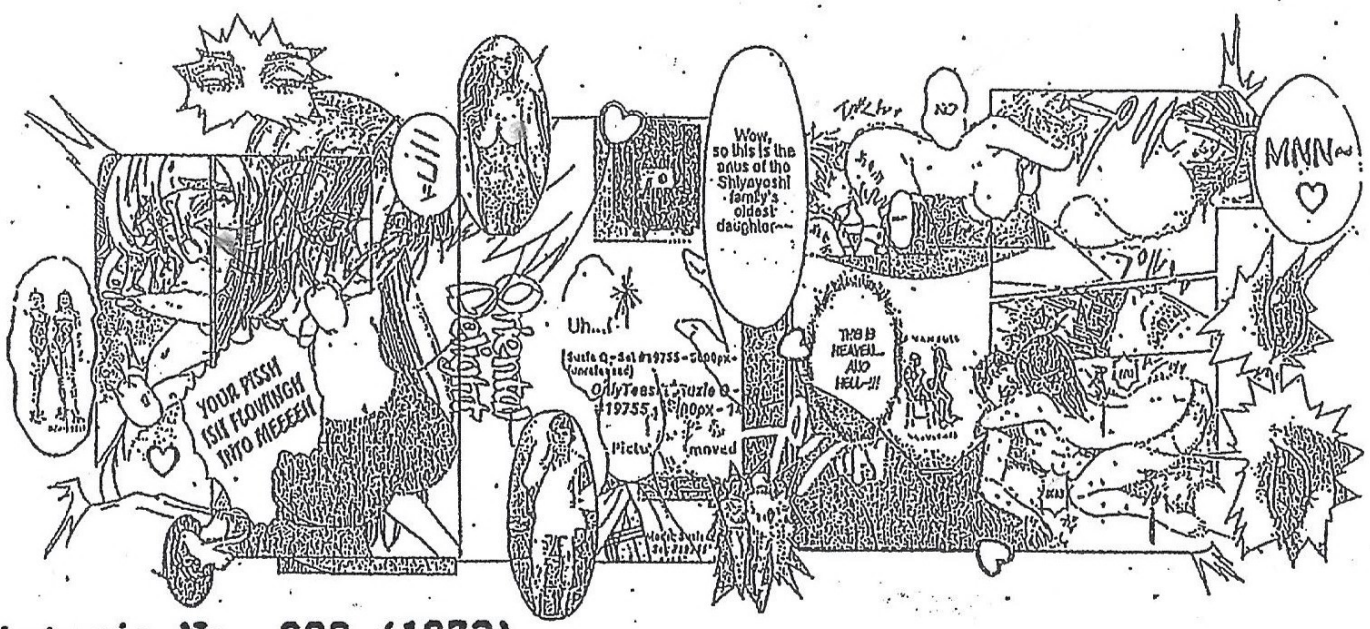


If you like panicked schoolgirls being beaten with metallic breasts and disrobed against their will then this is for you.



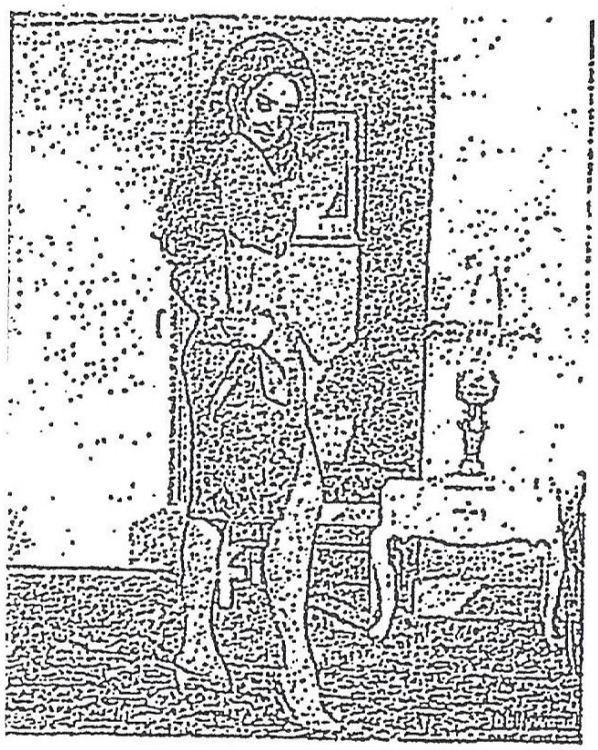
Bad Girls Go to Hell (1965)
dir. Doris Wishman

Plump, sexy housewife has a serious run of bad luck, encountering a string of rapists, brutes and, worst of all, lesbians! Our battered damsel in distress has the type of thick, milky white butt that just begs to be spanked and kneaded, so one can forgive the ruffians for giving in to their baser urges.

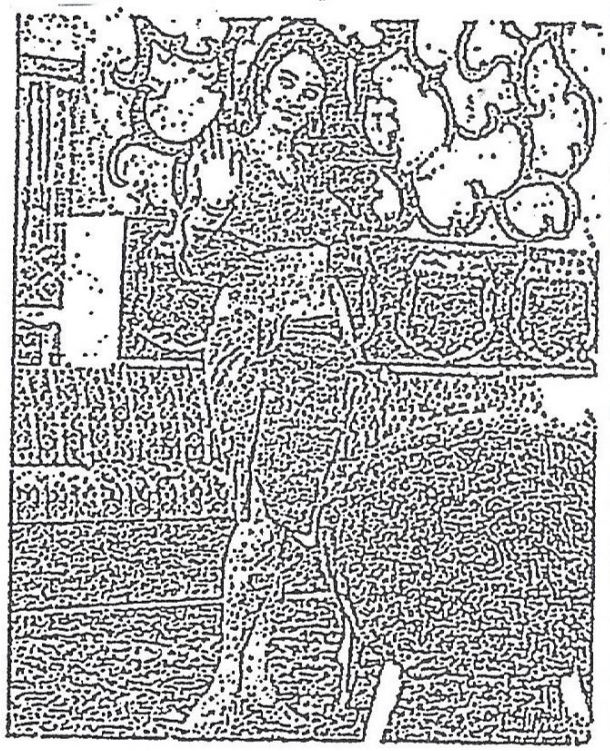


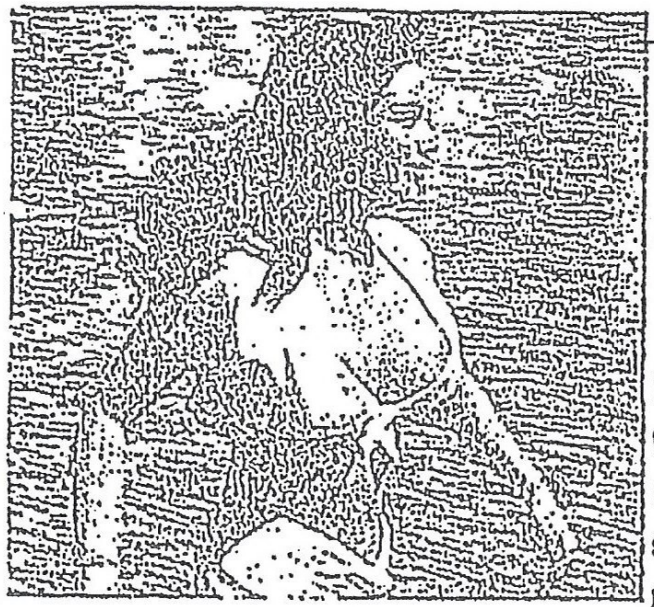
Victoria No. 203 (1972)
dir. Brij

Convoluted story involving stolen diamonds, a cross-dressing cabdriver and a far fetched father-son reunion. The plot is thin and largely irrelevant, but the real reason to watch is Saira Banu and her soft, pillowy curves. Unfortunately she spends a lot of the movie in drag, but when she does finally start wiggling around in a sari it is mesmerising to behold The babes they had in Bollywood movies in the seventies were next levelsexy and the Indian bros really know how to highli ght a nice, supple belly. I guess PAIGs (Phat Ass Indian Gal were highly coveted in Indian cuture as all Bollywood films of this era that I've seen feature short, full-figured leadi ladies.



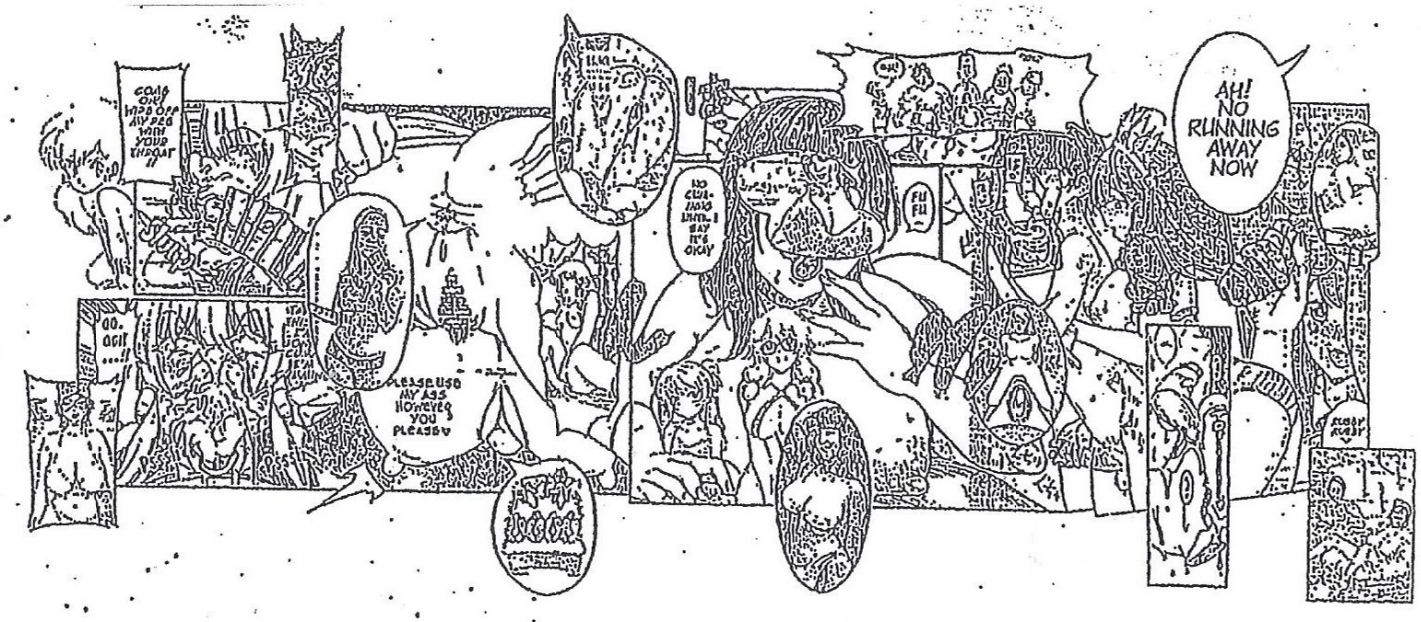
The use of bright colour, over the top theatrics and general psychedelic tone of the film makes up for its overly long runtime.





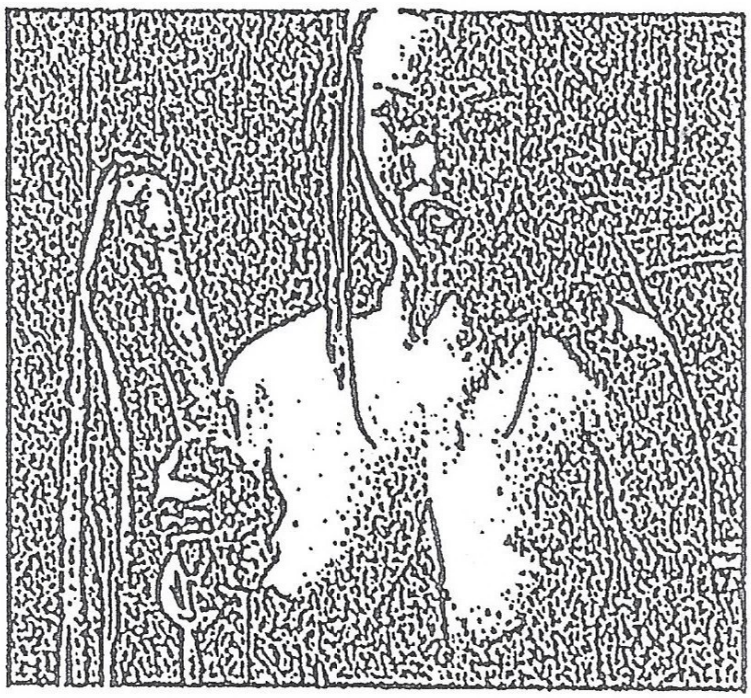
Up!, 1976
dir. Russ Meyer

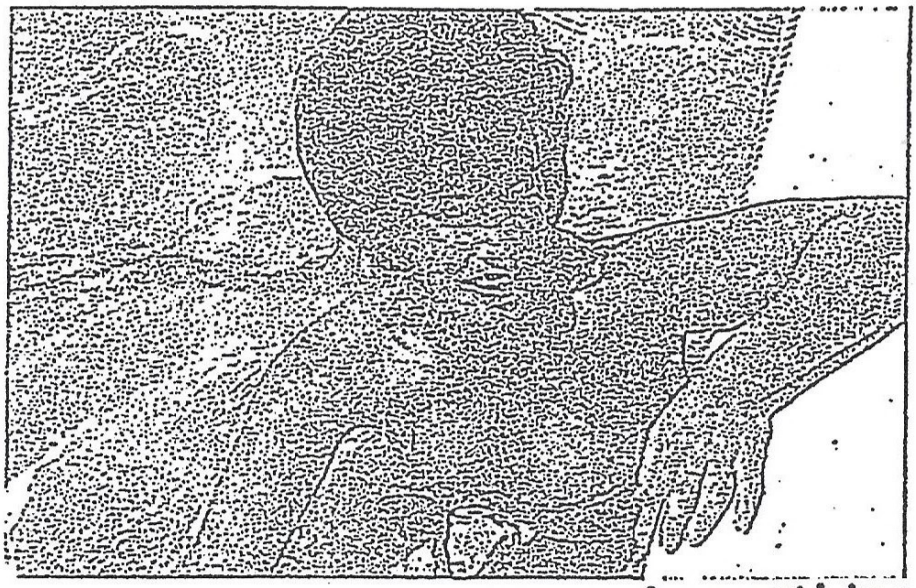
This honestly might be the best movie ever made. I've never felt so seen as when Homer Johnson proclaim "You know I like big tits. Well I been converted. Margot has got the wildest performing ass I ever bellied up to." Any world in which we still have Russ Meyer movies can never be that bad.



Space Thing (1968)
dir. Byron Mabe &
David F. Friedman

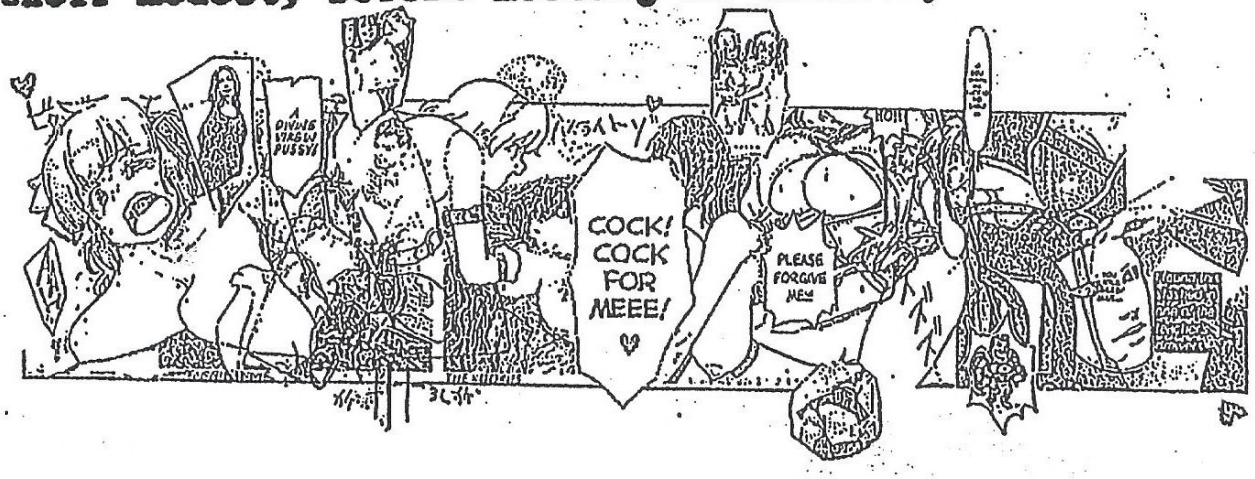
Incoherent, mega low-budget cheese-fest about a shape-shifting alien who washes up on a spacecraft of promiscuous women and ultra cucked dudes. The jealous, lesbianic captain of the ship played by Cara Peters is the highlight. Her huge banana-shaped bosoms make this otherwise dull movie well worth seeing.





Blood Feast (1963)
dir. Herschell Gordon Lewis

I've never been one of these 'so bad it's good movie enjoyers - a movie has to have something going for it in terms of style or substance for me to enjoy it and Blood Feast has nothing of the sort. Whipped up by noted exploiteers HG Lewis and David F Friedman, BF is historically significant for being considered the first splatter film, and that is about all it has going for it. The writing and acting are unbelievably bad, and what's worse there is almost no nudity outside of the first kill scene, despite being a sleazy exploitation film full of nubile, stacked 20-something 1960s bikini babes in early stages of sun damage. To hear producer Friedman tell it, him and HG were burnt out on filming t&a after a pioneering run of nudie cuties and roughies This is disappointing as seeing a few of these babes in the buff would have reallyysmoothed out some of Blood Feast's rougher edges. In particular the one bikini-clad chick who pops up towards the end of the film has some big hooters that I think would have looked great swinging about on the end of those chains while our crazed egyptologist serial killer goes at her w his whip. Alas, our victims are mostly able to maintain their modesty before meeting an untimely end.



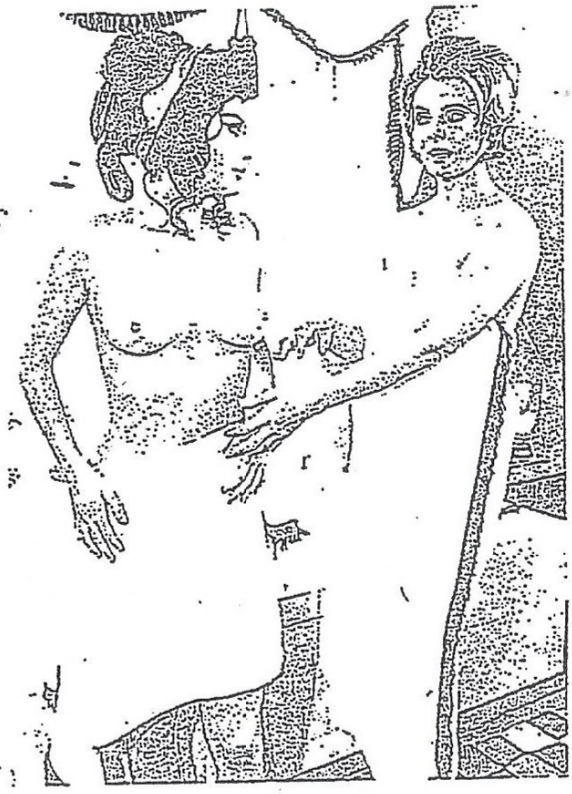
5 FILMS of ITALIAN SUPER-VIXEN

EDWIGE FENECH

a screenshot of greasy Italian nerd Pippo Franco staring up wondrously at a pair of luscious, corseted breasts was my introduction to the glorious BODY of work of French-Italian sex symbol Edwige Fenech, and like Franco in that fateful screenshot, I have been in awe of Fenech and her bountiful assets ever since. Here are some thoughts on 5 fairly randomly selected films in her long career as one of Europe's sexiest screen sirens...

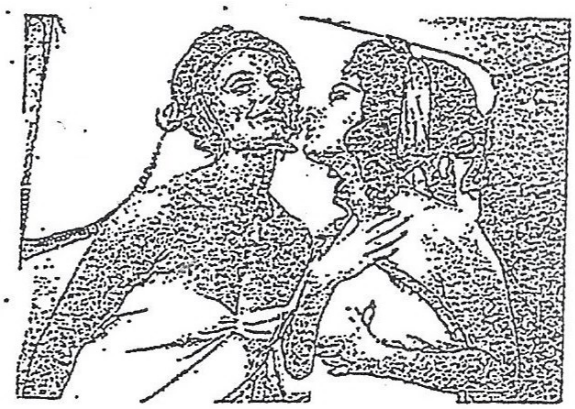
Madame and Her Niece (1969)
dir. Eberhard Schröder

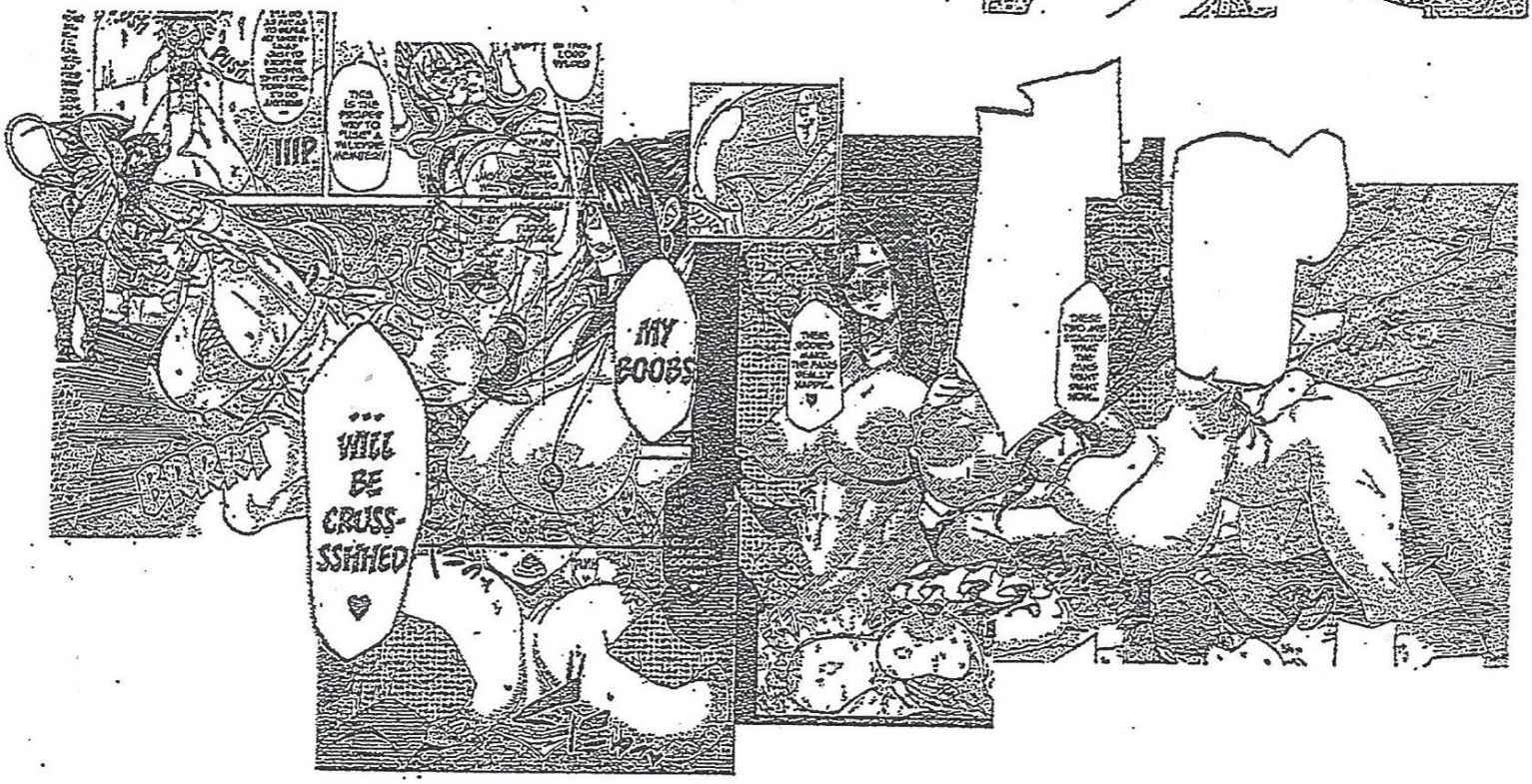
Poorly told story about about a mother-daughter team of grifters attempting to snare a billionaire's son. The revealing, sixties fashions are a good excuse to show off Edwige Fenech's budding young breasts (she was only 21 at the time, and just 2 years into her acting career), but our perky ingénue lacks the arooooogah sex appeal that she would embody in later films such as GIOVANNONA LONG-THIGH and SEX WITH A SMILE.



Ruth-Maria Kubitschek is hot, but ultimately wasted as the supposedly man-eating Mother. We don't really get the sense of her having any real carnality and it is hard to believe she is able to make a living out of seducing wealthy men. For a supposed sex-comedy, the film lacks eroticism. It has the chance to challenge some taboos in a mother & daughter bathroom scene featuring the two female leads, but it wimps out and we only see Fenech nude, with Kubitschek never removing her towel.

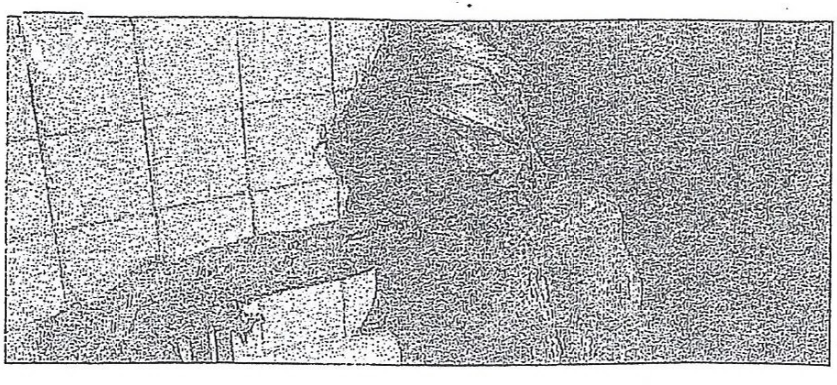
It is fitting that the director's name reads like a porn alias as the entire film feels like a bad porno, minus the sex. It doesn't even pretend at originality - the photoshoot scene in which we first meet Fenech is ripped straight from Blow-Up, but lacks its lithe, animal sexuality. Even at only 76 minutes much of the film feels irrelevant & confusing. Bizarrely, most of the film's nudity is saved until the final 25 minutes or so, by which time I had mostly checked out.





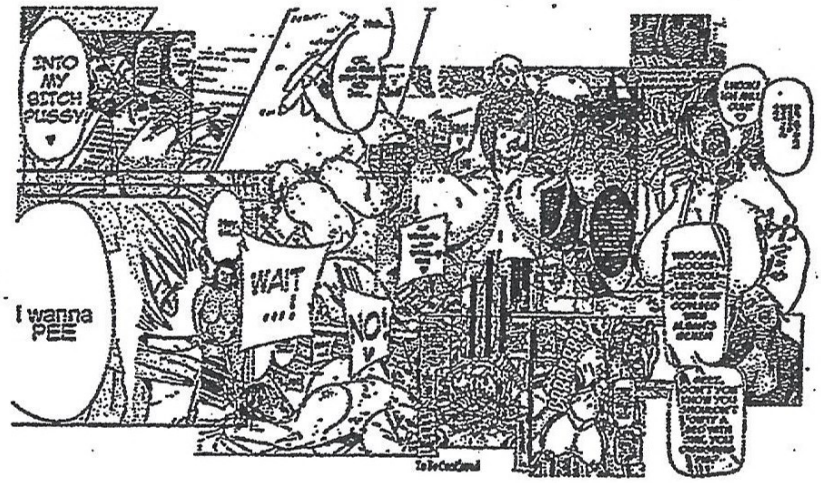
The Strange Vice of Mrs Wardh (1971)
dir. Sergio Martino

Probably the sleaziest of the Sergio Martino films that I have seen, the opening hour or so of Mrs Wardh doesn't go more than a few minutes without gifting the viewer w some sweet Italian/Spanish coproduction titties. Fenech in this picture is



probably the bustiest she has ever been outside of Martino's sex comedies She's packing so much chest meat that I began to wonder if they had used a body double in a

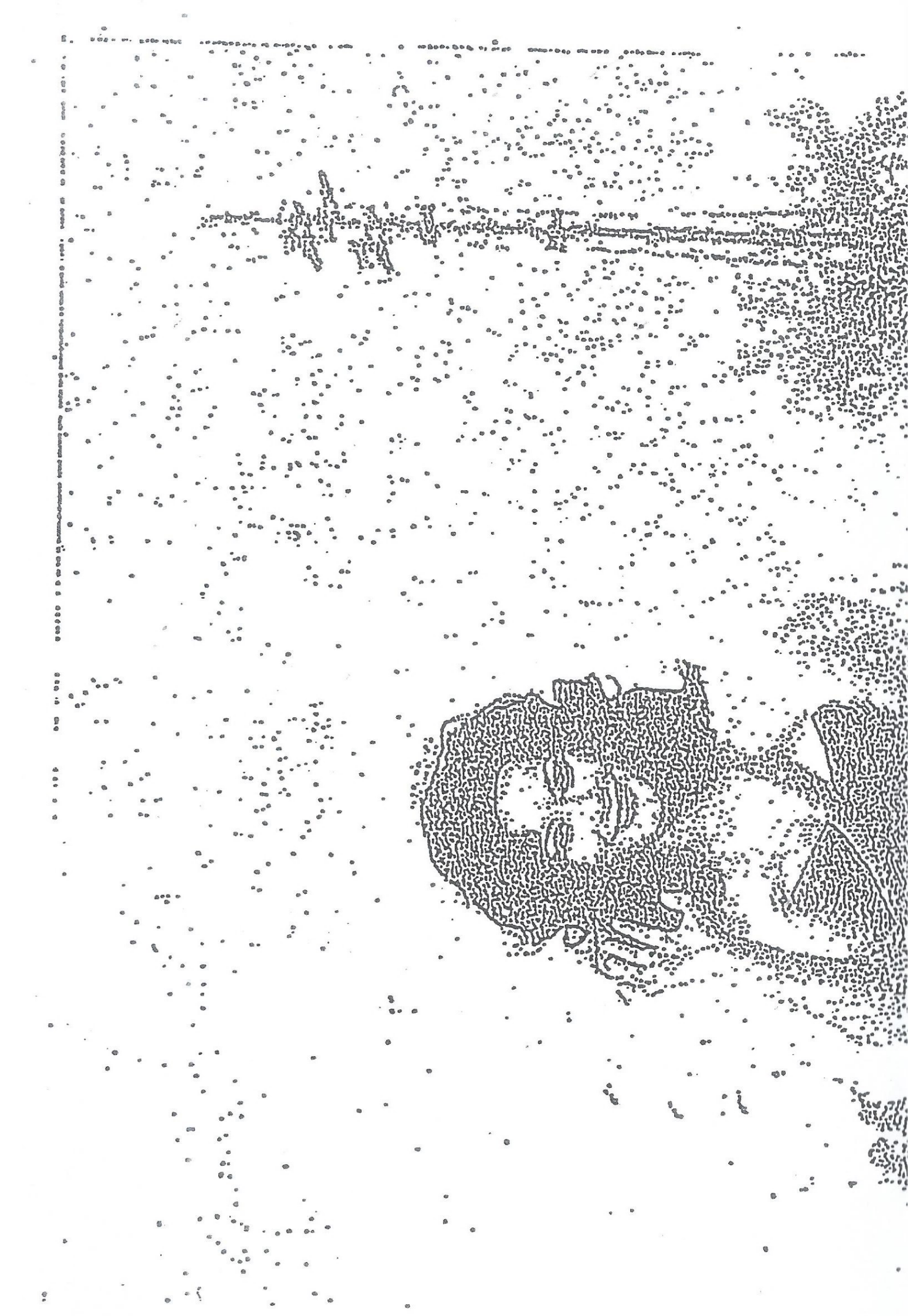
couple of scenes. But no, put it down to youth and fertility in the prime of her career before she started to slim down for her roles. Fenech is complemented by a rotating roster of sexy blondes, all doomed to meet untimely ends after one or two mandatory nude scenes. The standout for me was the shower scene throat-slashing victim (credited only as Pouchi) whose tan-lined jugs are particularly nice. The tit scenes kind of disappear by about the one hour mark and it becomes a good old-fashioned murder mystery w several twist endings.



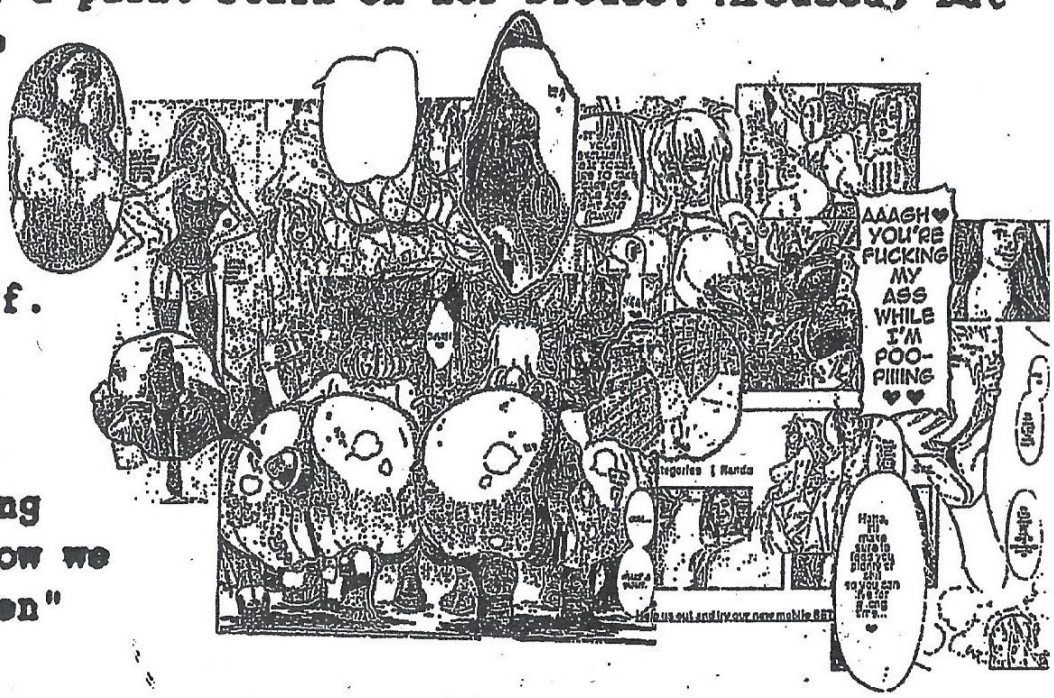
Innocence and Desire (1974)
dir. Massimo Dallamano

Kicked out of the seminary on account of his constant horniness our hero Tonino (Roberto Cenci) falls under the tutelage of his pervy grandfather who aims to instruct him in the ways of manhood by plying him with skin mags and offering up the services of the buxom local gilf Lola (Anna Maria Pescatori, whose huge tits almost steal the show). Tonino however resolves to abstain from the temptations of the flesh, even despite his grandfather's promises of the paradise that awaits him betwixt Lola's ample & well-travelled bosom. His mettle however is severely tested by the introduction of his father's perky new bride Carmela (Fenech). At night he is reduced to studying the icon of Saint Anthony while keeping a tally of Carmela & his father's goings at it in the next room.

Edwige Fenech



We soon learn that papa can't keep up with the family's lusty new mama, "Women should work all the time, anyone who thinks otherwise is a fool" is the sage advice given to papa by a local madam, encouraging him to curb Carmela's overactive sex drive by increasing her workload around the house. Chores, howe aren't enough to stop her from encouraging her stepson Tonino to get handsy over a paint stain on her blouse. Aroused, but conflicted, Tonino curses Carmela as a whore before dashing to the bathroom to furiously jerk off. Unfazed, Carmela bursts in mid-jerk sesh and begins aggressively soaping him up. "This is how we wash little children" she informs him.



Driven wild by Carmela's teasings, Tonino returns to Lola determined to finally prove his manhood. The ensuing scene is the highlight of the film. We see Lola tossing Tonino around like a ragdoll, alternately nuzzling & smacking him about the face w her BIG FAT FUCKING TITS (the same way that grandpa likes it, she informs him). Overwhelmed, Tonino has visions of the saints on the walls condemning him for betraying his vow of chasitity, & so once again bitches out - doomed, it would seem, to never become a man.

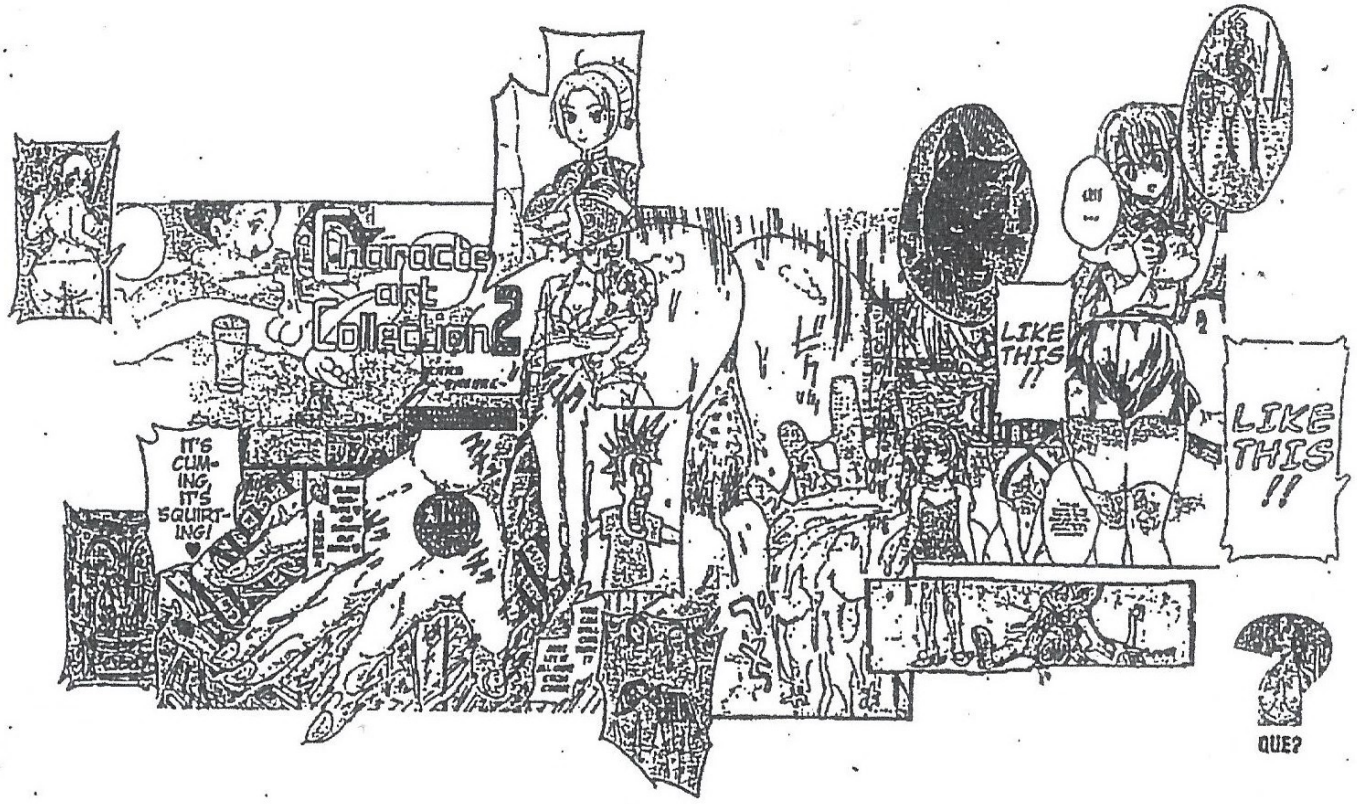
Grandpa however saves the day (on his deathbed no less), imploring Carmela to finally lay some pussy on long-suffering Tonino. The film crescendos w Tonino's come-to-Jesus moment, diving face-first in his sweet stepmother's snatch while his grandfather's grinning likeness looks on. "I feel like I've just been born" he announces to his father afterwards. Mama mia!

<u>Sex with a Smile</u>, 1976
dir. Sergio Martino

Edwige's short segment in this anthology film is a nice B-side to Giovanonna Long-Thigh and feels like an extension of the same character. By day, obnoxious giga-nerd Marelli pretends to be above ogling local stunner Emilia (Fenech) alongside the rest of the town's hot-blooded males. But at night he cannot resist making anonymous dirty phone calls to her in which he recounts the erotic dreams he has been having about her. Intrigued, Emilia begins to have fantasies of her own and tries to arrange a rendezvous with her secret admirer.

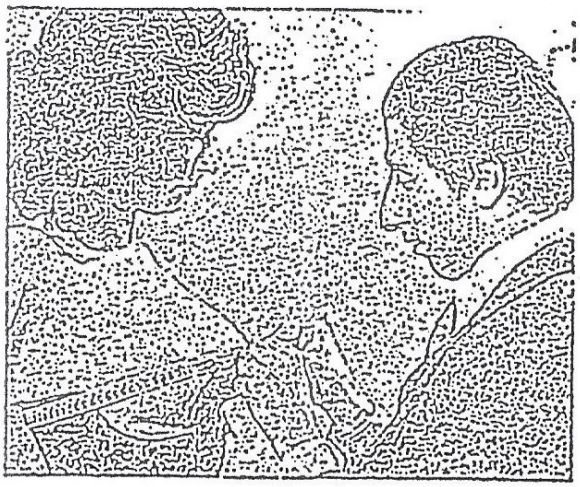
Probably the most bang for your buck in terms of nudity-to-overall-screentime ratio, Sex with a Smile is Edwige at her kinky best. The tied-up, leotard-trimming tit whorship scene is a personal favourite.

I'M GONNA FUCK THIS WET, WARM PUSSY WITH MY FAT COCK.
EEW, IT STINKS IN HERE
EVENTUALLY MY BOTH AND BODY AND MIND WERE ATTACHED TO HER...
THEE CONTROL OVER MY ORGASMS WAS FILLED WITH AFFECTION...



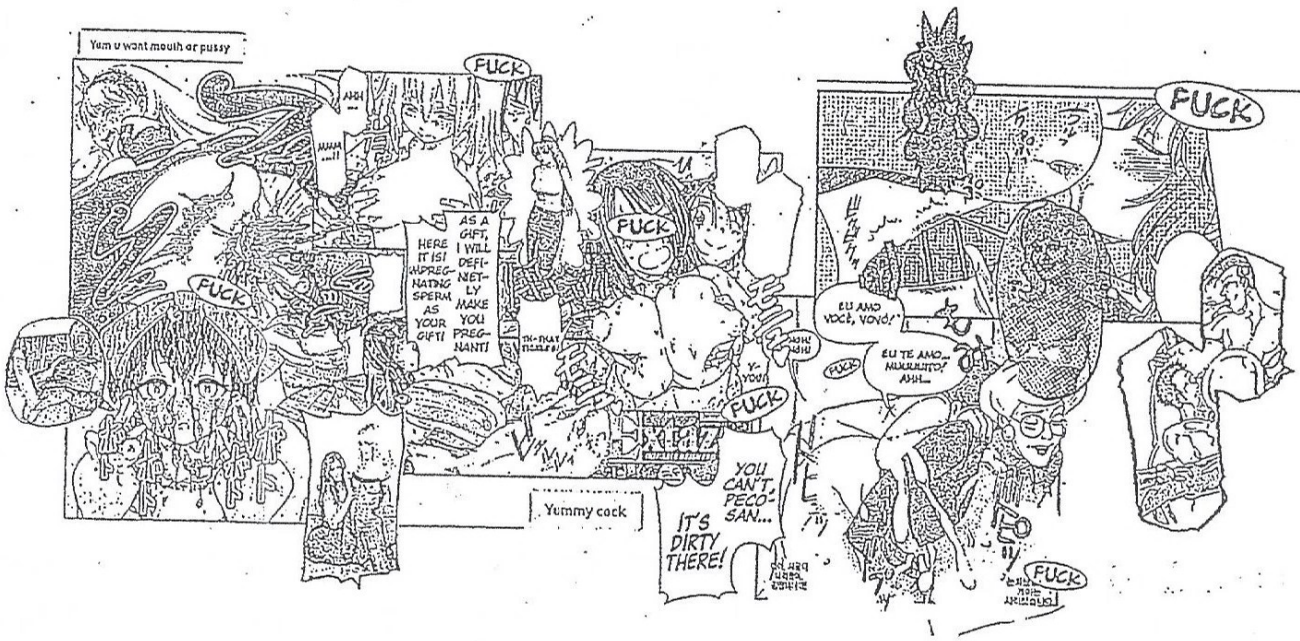
Giovannona Long-Thigh, 1973
dir. Sergio Martino

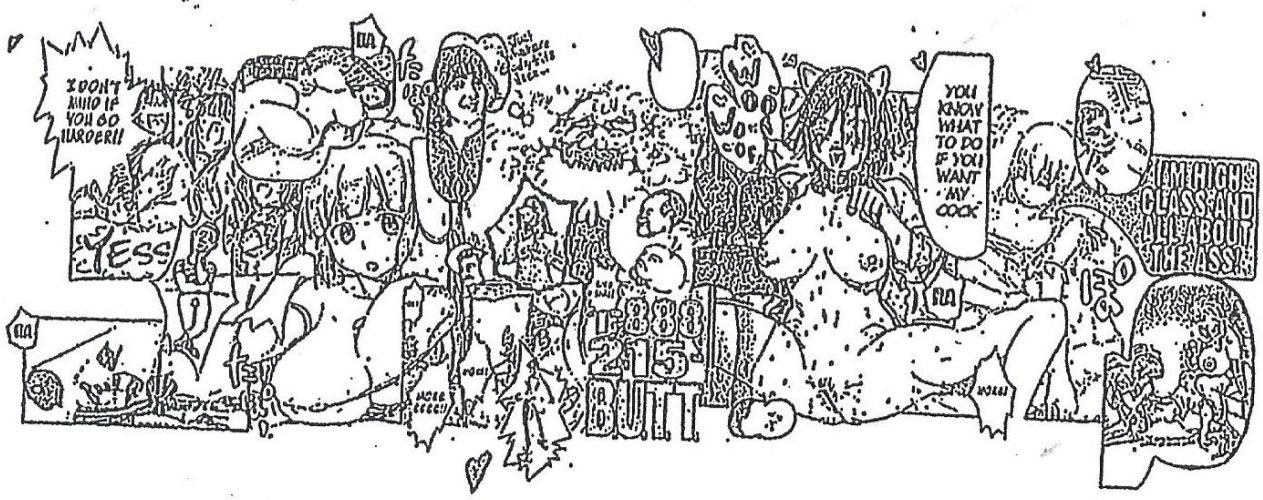
Where it all started. Giovannona Long-Thigh was my introduction to the fantastic BODY of work of Edwige Fenech and remains my favourite commedia sexy all'italiana and an underrated classic of the genre. When a cheese factory is at risk of being shut down for the minor crime of poisoning its local waterways, industrialist La Noce and his bumbling assistant Albertini (played to pallid, stuttering perfection by Pippo Franco) concoct a scheme to convince a powerful local politician to overlook their environmental destruction by appealing to his appetite for seducing other men's wives. Unfortunately La Noce's wife isn't exactly a beauty queen so it is left up to Albertini to find a temporary stand-in who "makes you book heart treatment on sight"- as he puts it to a technician at the computerised

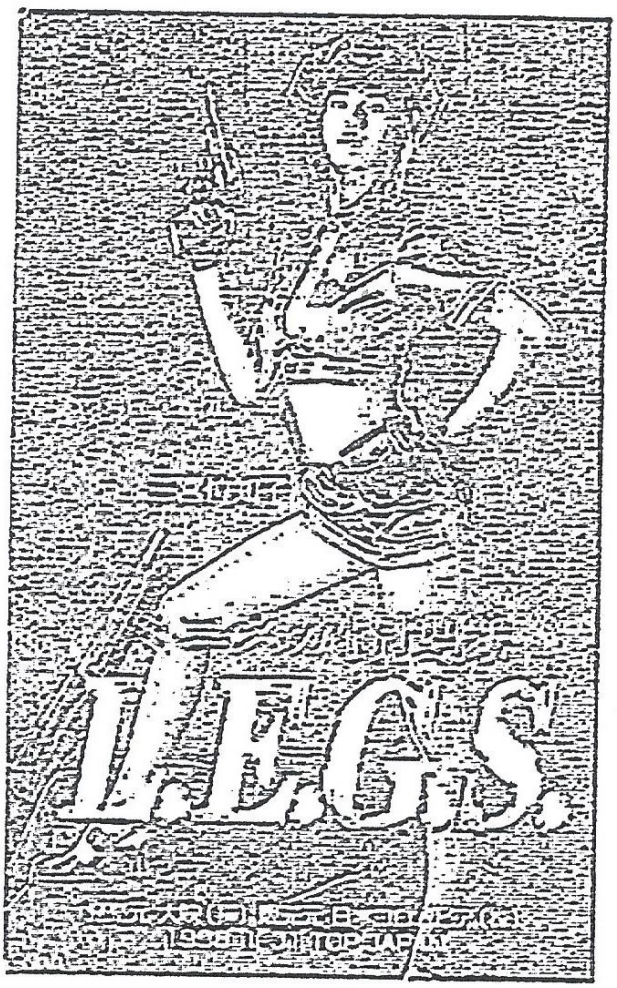


matchmaking factory (a sort of pre-internet Locanto) where he begins his search for a dream wife imitator Where the Electronic Brain fails, the Italian institution of curbside prostitution succeeds as, slamming on the brakes, he spots the ravishing Coco (Fenech, in one of the most heartstoppping entrances in movie history) perched on the side of the road awaiting her first trick of the day. Hired to pose as La Noce's wife, Coco however finds herself more interested in bedding Albertini than in the politician she is supposed to be seducing. A wife-swapping comedy of errors ensues further complicated by the arrival of Coco's pimp and the REAL Mrs La Noce.

Fenech is at the peak of her sexiness here as the potty-mouthed nymphomaniac Coco. Bosomy, porcelain-skinned and with a giant delicious rump ripe to bursting, she sashays her hourglass figure across the screen with great delight. At 24 years of age here, Edwige has a beauty paralleled by very few actresses, and we owe it to Sergio Martino for having the genius and the talent to capture her and her big youthful tits at this perfect moment in time. A miracle of cinema.







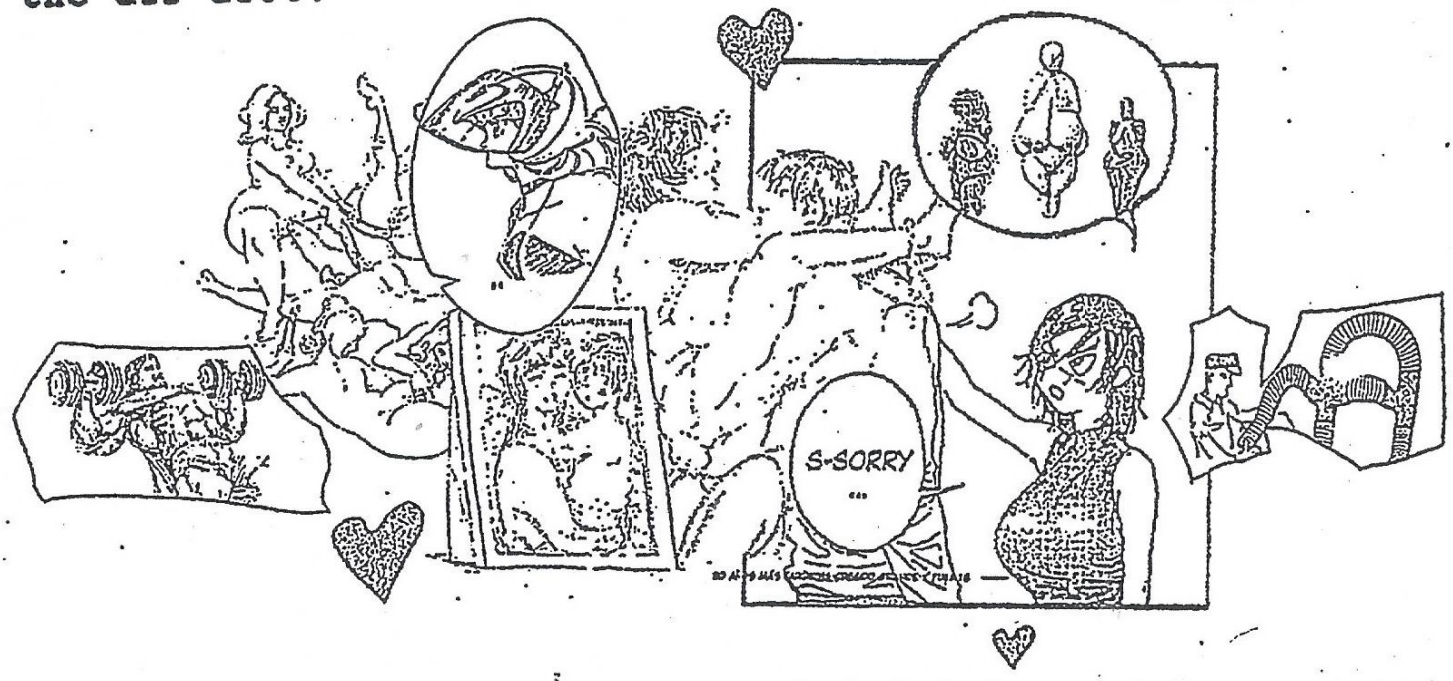
Miniskirt Special Investigation Team L.E.G.S. (1998)
dir. Takao Nakano

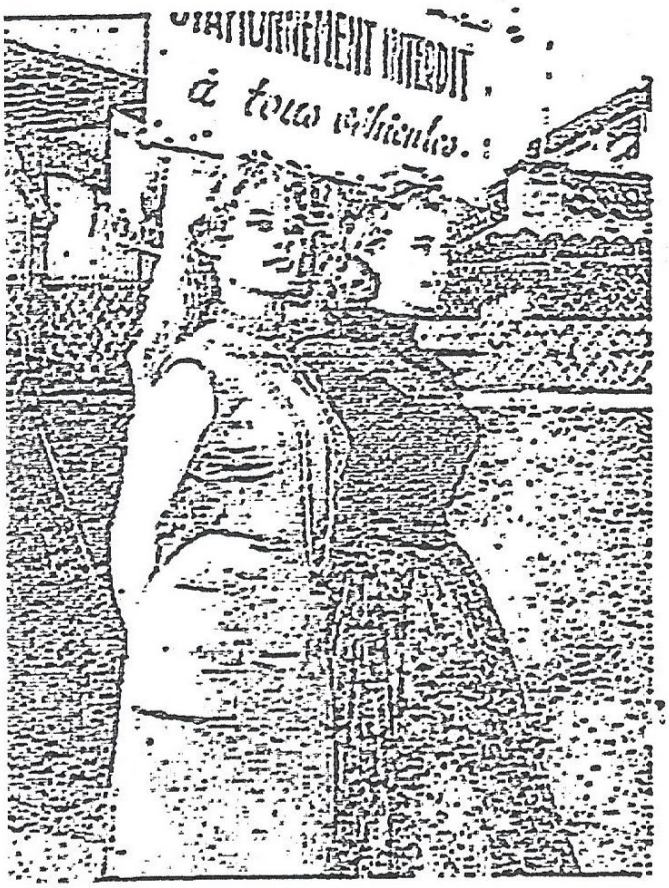
Upskirting seems to be an integral part of Japanese culture and this goofy, schlocky film about a trio of leggy police broads who take on a band of swimsuit-clad terrorists is a testament to them having mastered the artform.

Once again, I watched this movie in Japanese without subtitles so the plot remains a bit of a mystery to me, but shapely legs and satin knickers seem to be the main point of the film, and that translates into any language.

Like any real misogynist, I love seeing NERDS made to GROVEL before sexy, scantily clad women and here, as in real life, the men are either beta nerds who are only kept around insofar as they are useful, or alpha males who can command a harem of women. This is the dichotomy of the two main male characters, the first a bumbling creepshot-enthusiast photographer who is largely there to be blown up and pushed around, and the second a frilly-shirted PUA type whose GAME is enough to trap even the kickass police captain babe in his web of seduction.

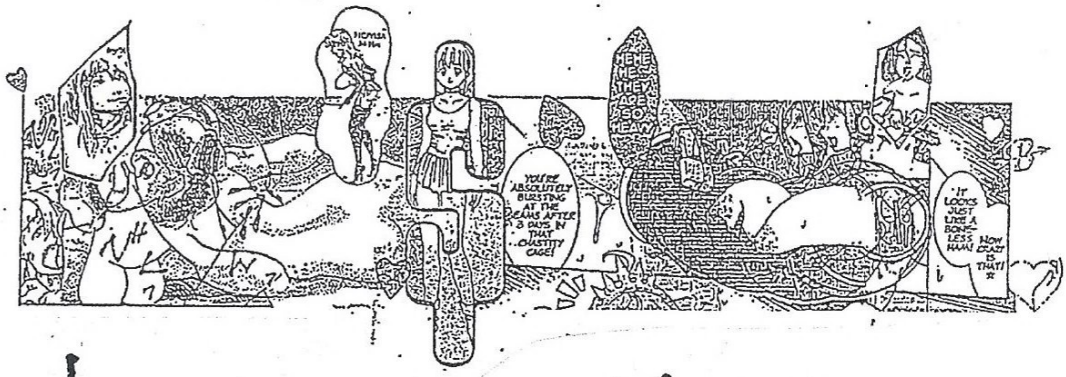
This feels like 35 minutes that has been padded out to 60 as the plot bizarrely resets at the halfway mark and we effectively watch the same warehouse showdown scene twice (one of the terrorists even comes back to life). However, there is enough modest japanese cleavage and long legs on display to make this easy to overlook. The terrorist groups butch leader unfortunately hogs alot of the screentime, but luckily she die about 2/3rds of the way in and her much curvier Krueger-gloved sidekick jumps in for the final grappling scene in which she makes a point (well received) of waving her butt around in the air alot.

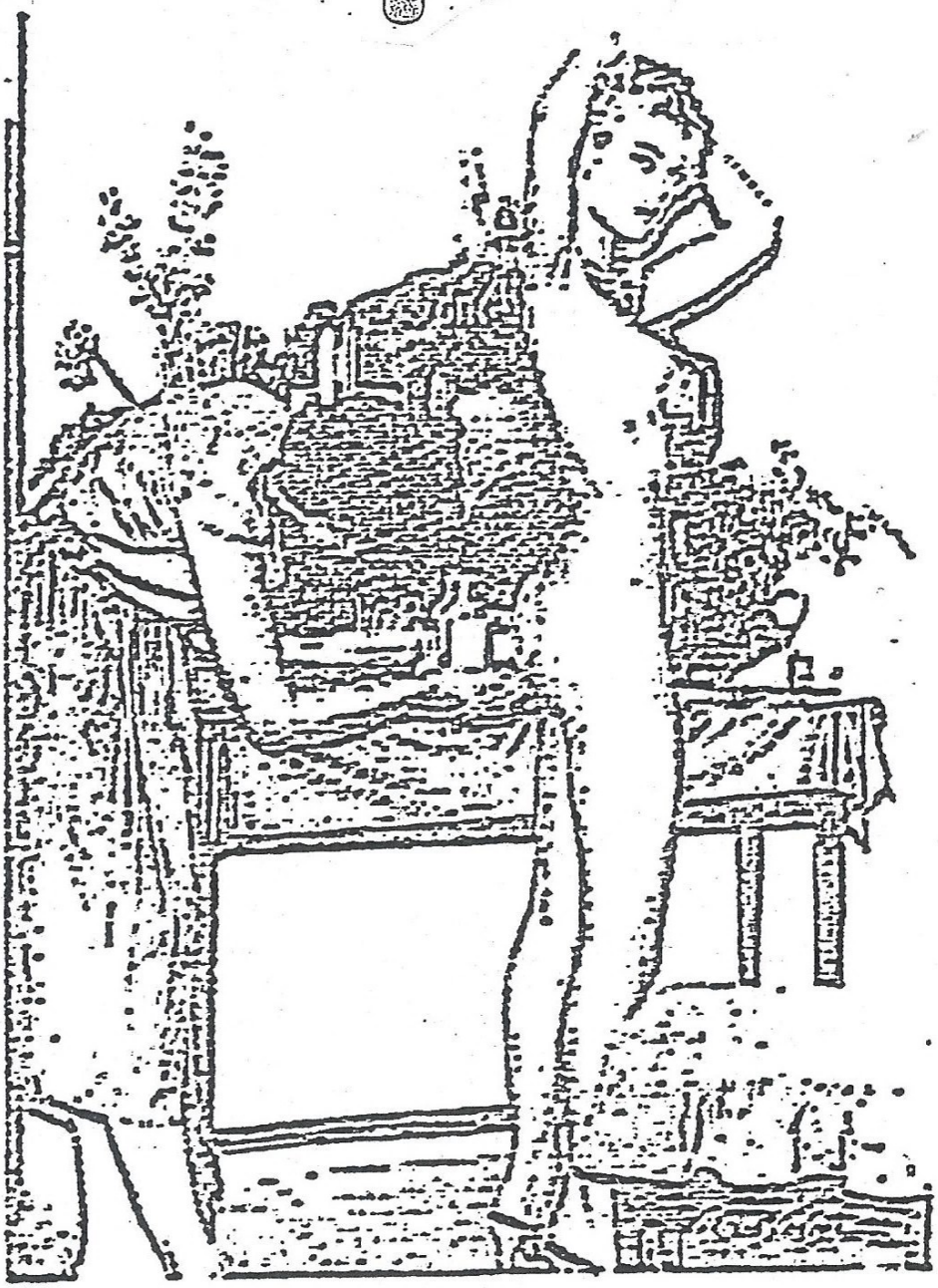


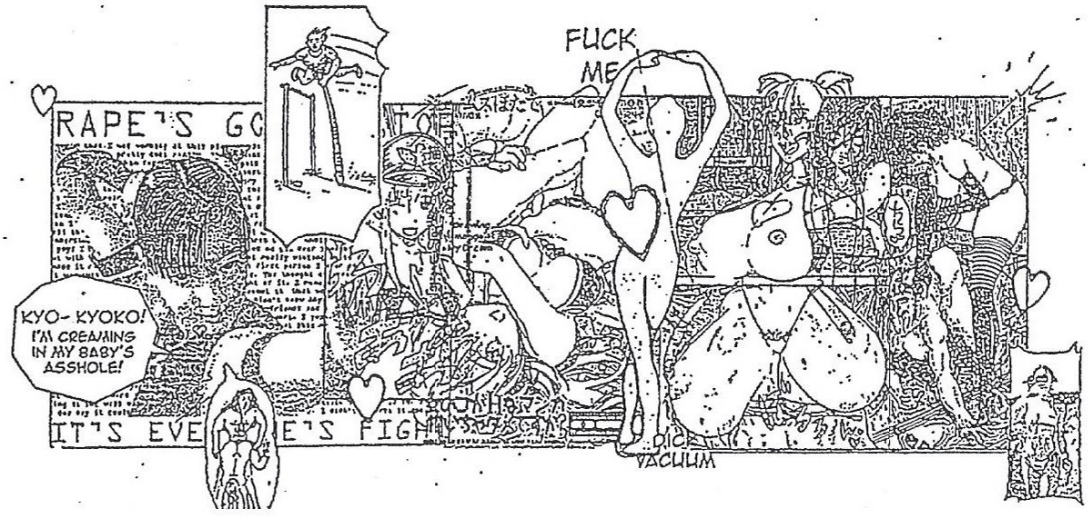


... And God Created Woman (1956)
dir. Roger Vadim

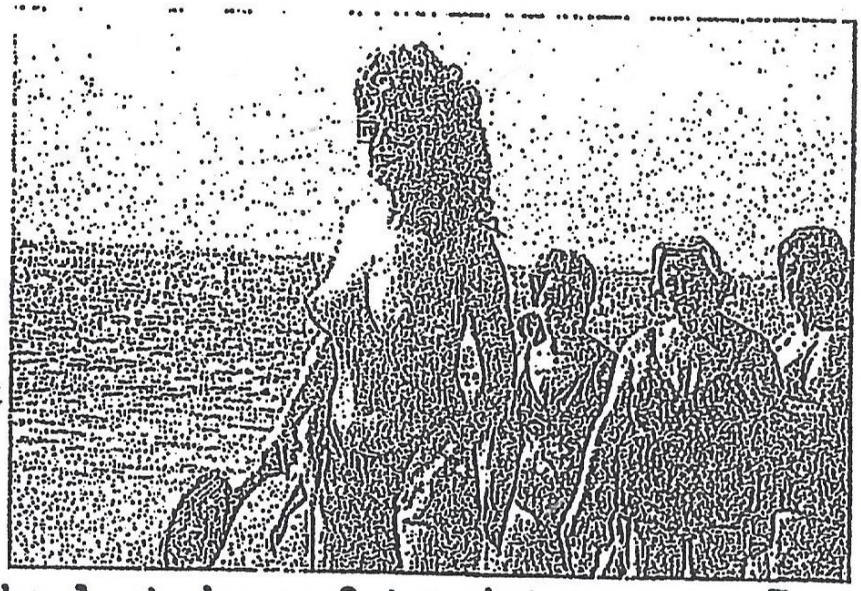
It's hard to understand now why this movie created such a fuss in 1956, but I guess dudes were so starved for tits back then that a few distorted flashes of Brigitte Bardot's pert knockers was enough to drive 'em wild. Bardot is nymph-like and sensual, but it was her rounder, bosom-ier friend Lucienne (Isabelle Corey) that I found myself really lusting after. The women are matched by the film's beautiful coastal setting & I was left wondering if towns & babes like these can still exist.


YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY BURSTING AT THE SEAMS AFTER 3 DAYS IN THAT CHASTITY CAGE!
IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A BONE-LESS HAM! HOW DEAD IS THAT?!

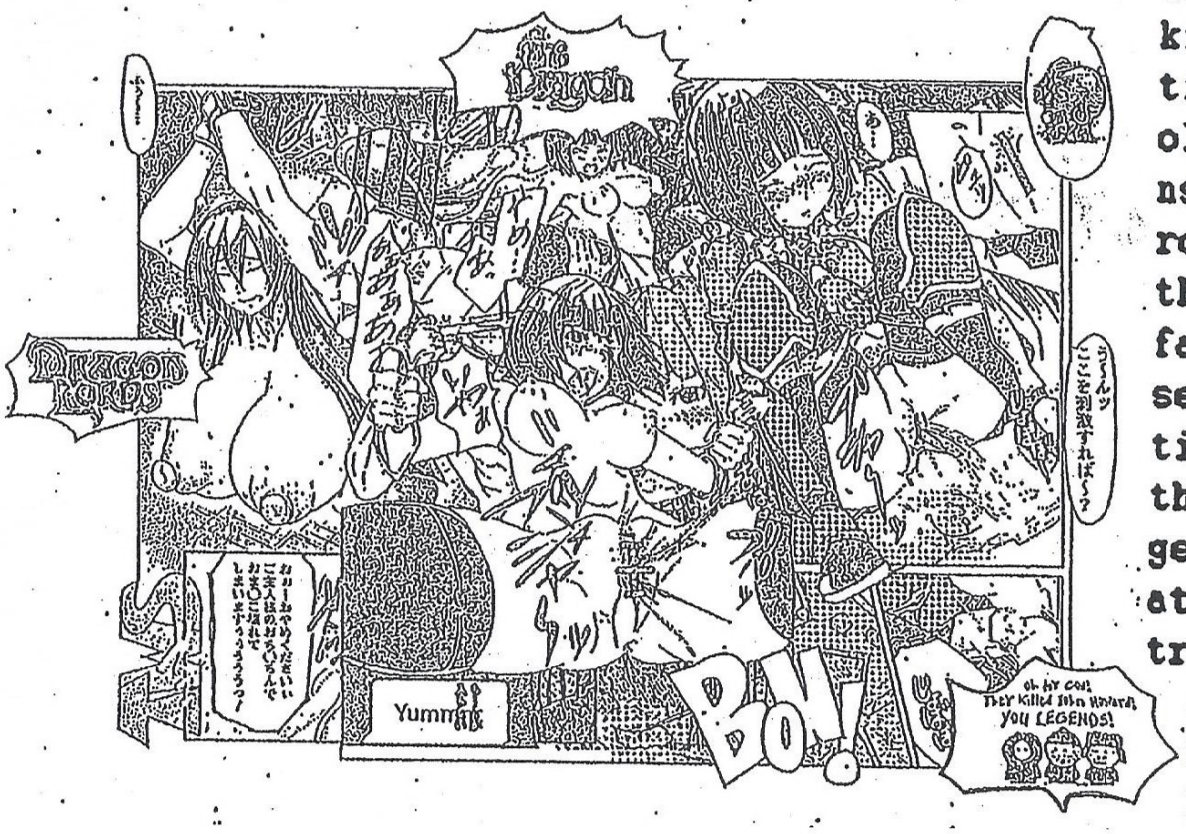


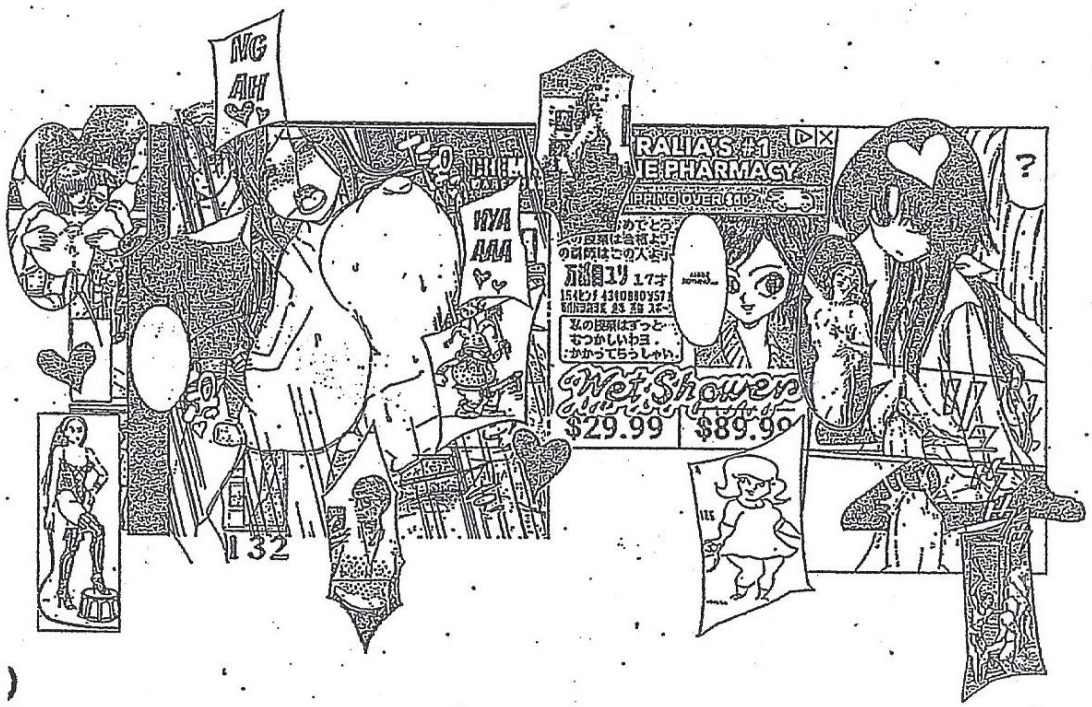

RAPE'S GC
KYO- KYOKO! I'M CREAMING IN MY BABY'S ASSHOLE!
FUCK ME
IT'S EVE E'S FIGH
VACUUM

Thong Girls, 1987
dir. Jesús Franco,
Lina Romay



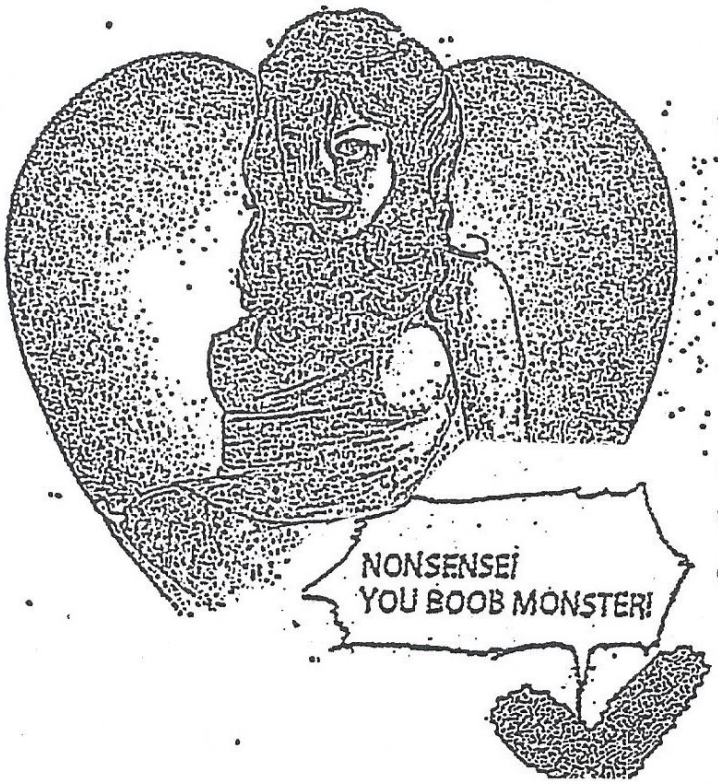
The title and poster had me expecting a slapstick sex-comedy, but instead this is quite a sweet Rohmer-esque dramedy about love and relationships set against the sunny backdrop of Spanish holiday town Benidorm in the last days of tourist season. Franco muse Lina Romay is on double duty as star and co-director, and the camera lingers delectably over her big, mature tits and chunky Catalonian belly. A Dutch architect in town to study Benidorm's chaotic buildings is instead introduced to the ideal form and symmetry of local rollergirl Analia Ivars' big nattys. And SPOILER ALERT in a genuinely shocking twist, one of the most convincing tbangas aka female impersonators I have ever seen shows up, played by a mysterious actress credited only as Gina about whom I could find no information online. Either troon technology in 1987 was far more advanced than I realised, or Gina is actually a legit woman playing a man playing a woman. She does have the kind of bolt-on tit job that old school transvestites were rocking back in the day, but her face and arms seem so authentically feminine that without getting a look at her junk I truly couldn't say for sure.. So anyways, kudos to her on her great performance.





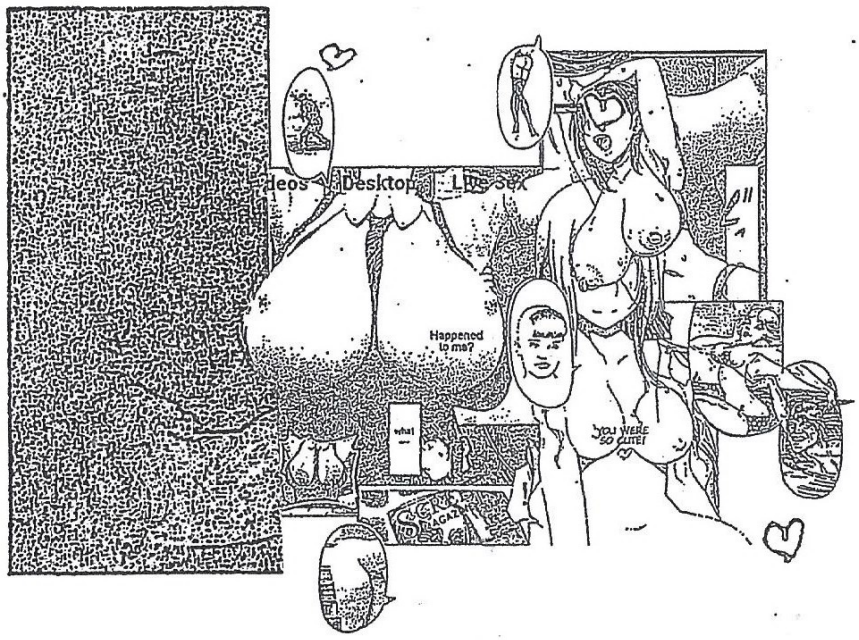
Babyface (1977)
dir. Alex de Rezny

Golden age porn classic about a man on the lam who seeks sanctuary in a male brothel after being seduced by an overly eager young temptress looking to get a jumpstart on her sexual education. De Rezny was one of the best director's of the outlaw 70s era of porn and his films weren't afraid to break taboos. Here we have underage sexual predators, a black chick w enormous knockers who gets off on rape play and a pill-popping mother who plans to castrate our hero for having taken advantage of her daughter - but only after testing his wares for herself.

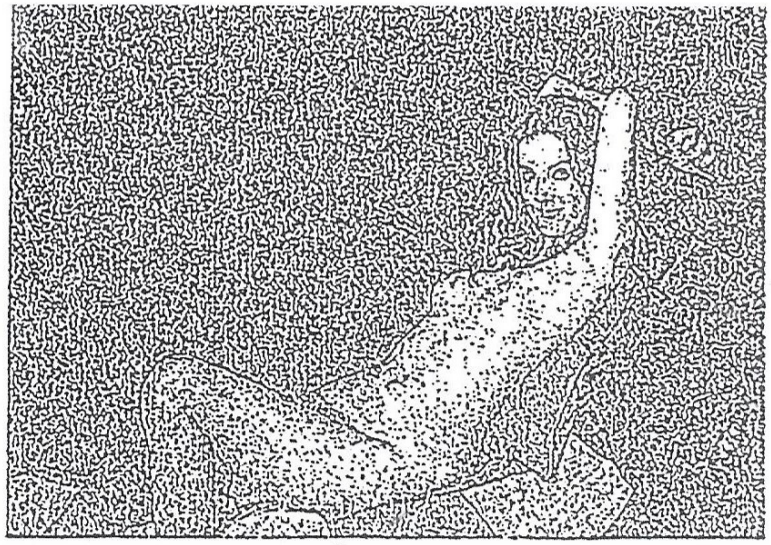


Most importantly though, Babyface contains one of the best gangbangs ever committed to film, thanks to the talents of actress Kristine Heller. Often in gangbangs the gangbang-ee resembles a stunned mule who has to be led through the action. Heller however relishes

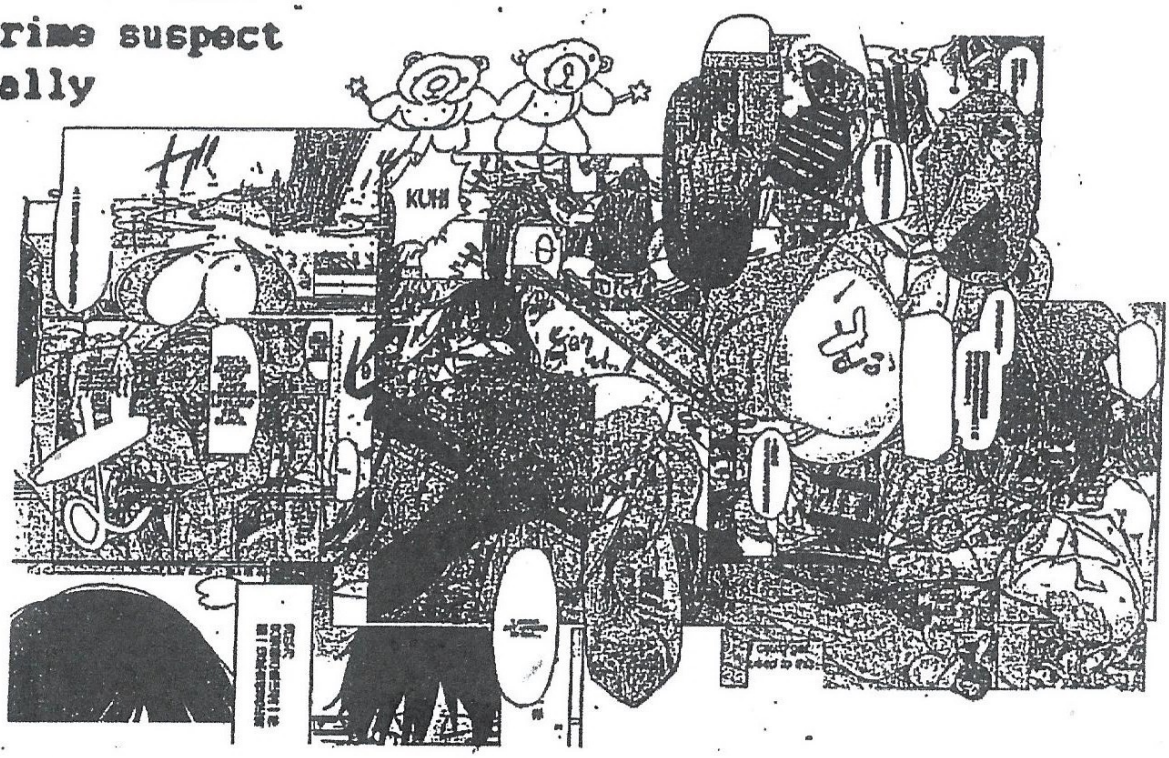
in her role as the aggressive ringleader of this lopsided orgy, demanding 2, then 4 and then at least 10 dicks. Clearly delighting in having her every orifice probed by this band of merry men, Heller directs movement of the action from floor to sex swing to couch. Drunk on dick, her performance seems completely unfiltered and uninhibited. The camera forgotten as she revels in the attentions of her many suitors. If this is acting then it is some of the best acting ever committed to film. Incredible.



Don't Torture a Duckling, 1972
dir. Lucio Fulci



To keep her mind off drugs, Barbara Bouchet moves to a small town and turns to sexually taunting young (like, seriously young) boys. When the same boys start inconveniently turning up dead she does all she can to make herself the prime suspect before eventually working to solve the murders. Bouchet, with her soft curves, wide hips and big chewy nips is ethereally beautiful.

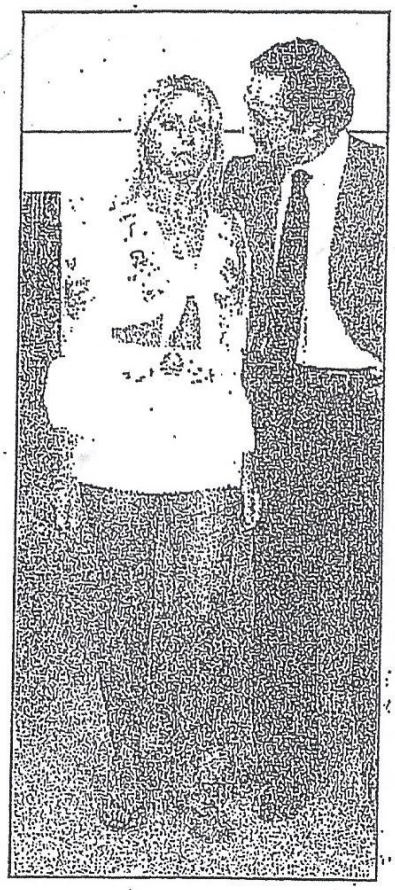


Monika, 1974
dir. Mario Imperoli

"Listen. I will be 16 years old in 2 weeks."
"Okay. Time to treat you like a woman."

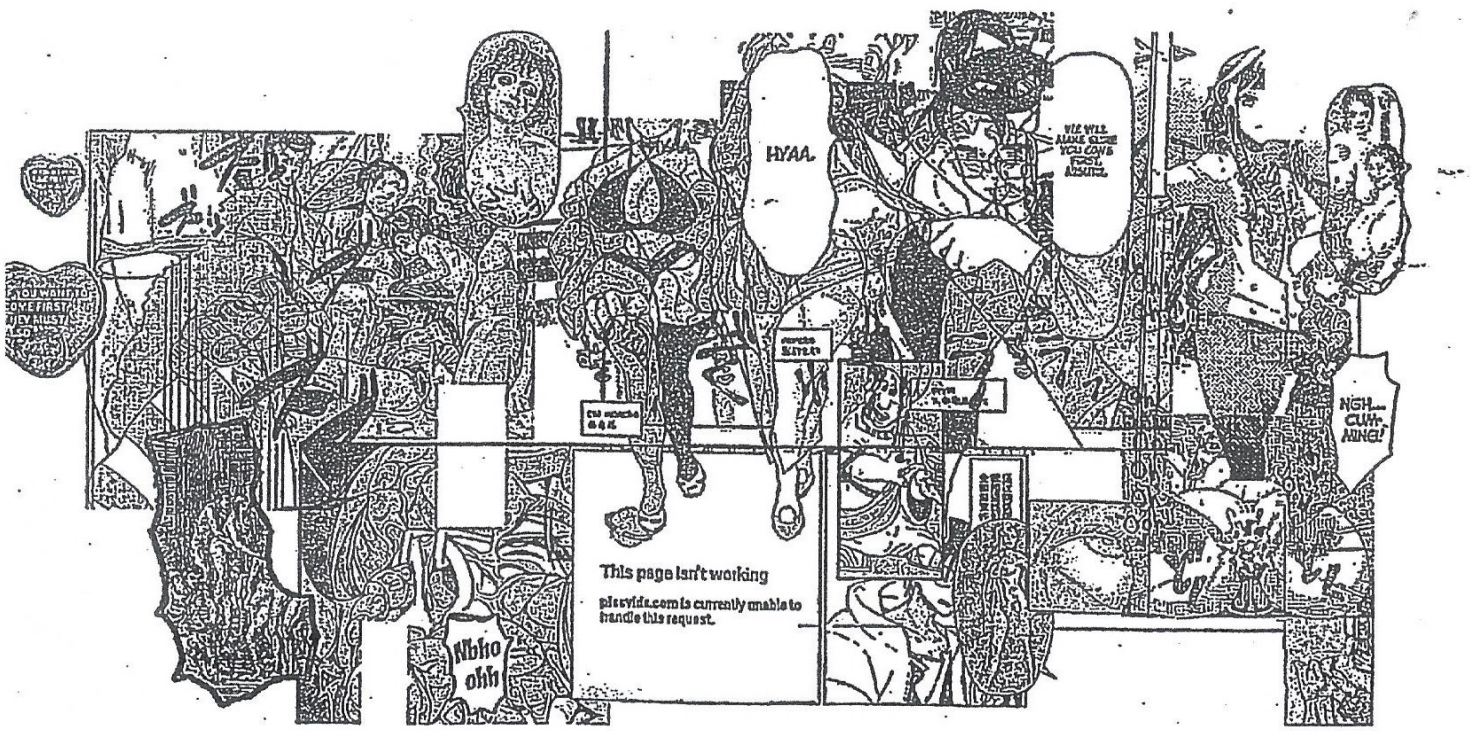
Thus goes the dialogue between fiendishly sexy ingénue Monika (Gloria Guida) and her much older teacher Professor Bruno who, surprisingly, is kind of the good guy in this warning tale about the dangers of age gap relationships. Teenaged virgin Monika is ready to lose her v cards, but her boyfriend Leo isn't really doing it for her and

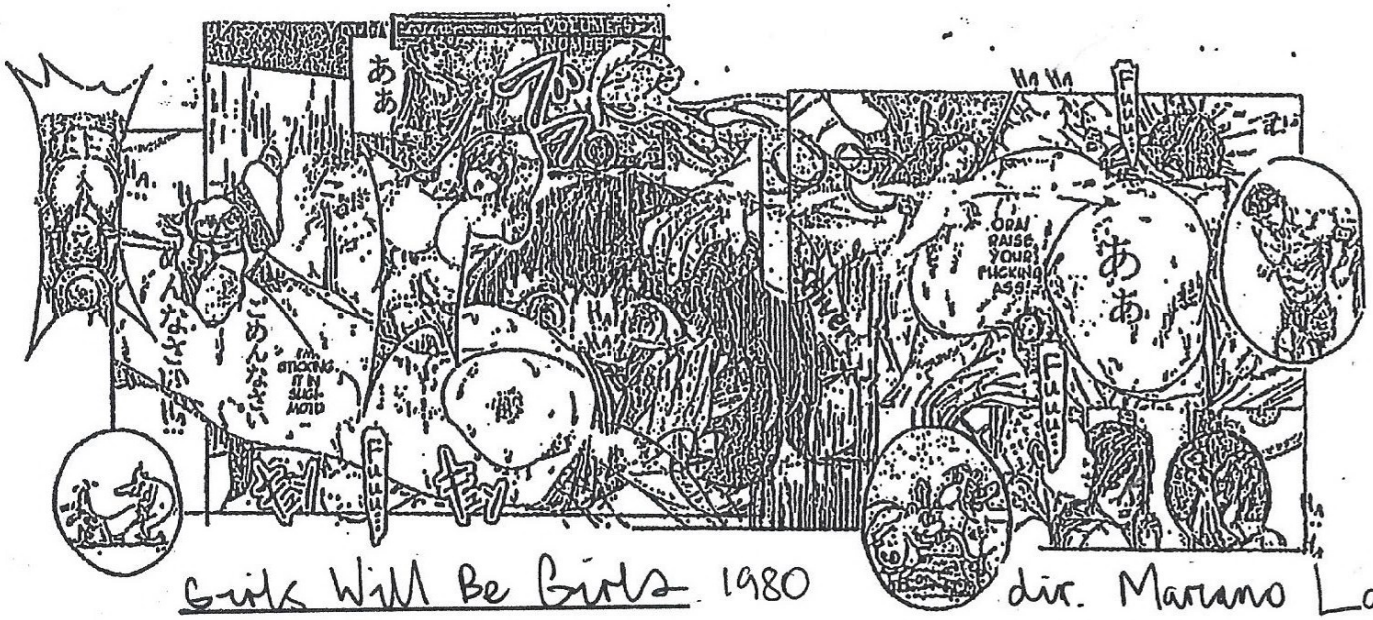
she instead finds herself umming and ahhing over which daddy figure to try and fill the hole left in her heart by her absent father... as well as some other holes ;)



Leo disqualifies himself from the running when his party trick of ripping Monika's knickers off in front of a roomful of people fails to impress, and it doesn't help that his side hustle involves drugging and pimping out his classmates to high-paying johns - one of them being the shady lawyer Moroni who coincidntally is also trying to bang Monika and whose wife is having an affair with the aforementioned Profesor Bruno. For all the two-timing and bad behaviour going on, Moroni is the only one who gets any kind of comeuppance and you weirdly end up feeling sorry for him.

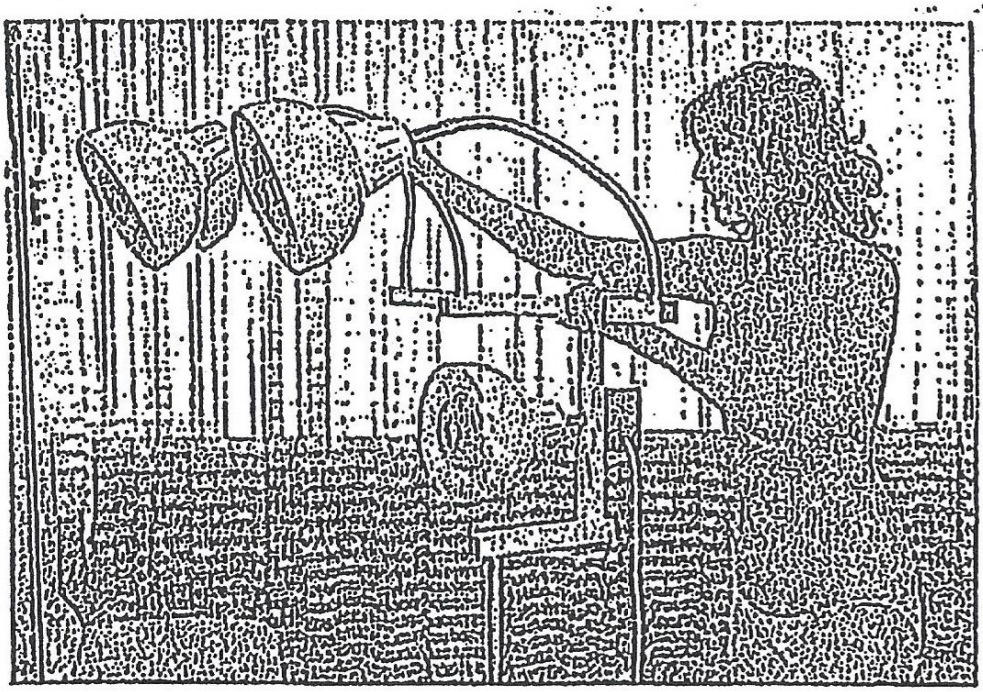
The opening shot of leggy blonde Gloria Guida running oh the beach, guida guida tits bouncing in slow motion, was the world's introduction to the jaw-dropping Italian actress who would go on to become the 20th century's preeminent star of sexy schoolgirl films. Guida is so goddam hot that she can even make armpit hair sexy. French actress Colette Descombes also gets alot of flesh-baring screetime as the bored housewife Sandra, but she can't really compete with the mesmerising Guida.





Sirk Will Be Girls 1980 dir. Mariano Laurenti

Funky Italian comedy about a gang of devastatingly horny old men on a company ski trip competing for the affections of office bombshell Angela (Anna Maria Rizotti), whose modest rack and big, pasta-fed butt have them slipping, sliding and falling over each other in all manner of comedic slapstick. So enthralled are they by Angela that they largely fail to notice the other (to my eye) equally foxy office babe Matilde (Franca Mantelli) who is sidelined with the wives and children for most the picture. Despite always being in the background preening and fluttering her eyelashes, it is ages before one of the horndogs finally takes a crack at her, and even then we frustratingly only see her get down to her bra and knickers



I don't know if the actress refused to do nudity or what (a quick google search reveals that she did appear naked in other films) but when one of these t&a-filled sex comedies declines to show one of their sexiest actresses in the buff it feels like an insult to the horny dudes watching at home.

Luckily the film makes up for Matilde's lack of skin by introducing the comically frisky hotel maid Orchidea whose "room

ervice" consists of stripping
nd pleasuring upon entry.
hether or not any jealous wives
ay be present. A number of
laborate plots are concocted
y our protagonists to steal
way and summon Orchidea to
heir room, only to have the
ouse boy show up instead. For
y money the buxom Orchidea is
he highlight of the film.
layed by the quintessentially-
talian beauty Carmen Russo,
hose dark curls and long, tapered
idriff left me wanting more of this Genoan beauty. Which led
e to do a...

CARMEN RUSSO TRIPLE FEATURE

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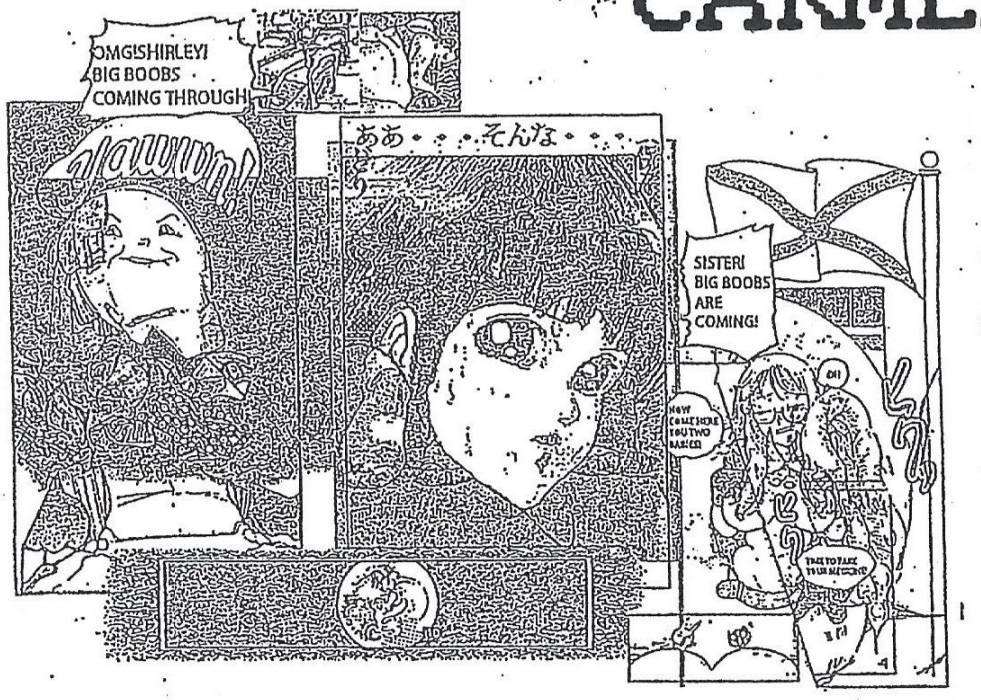


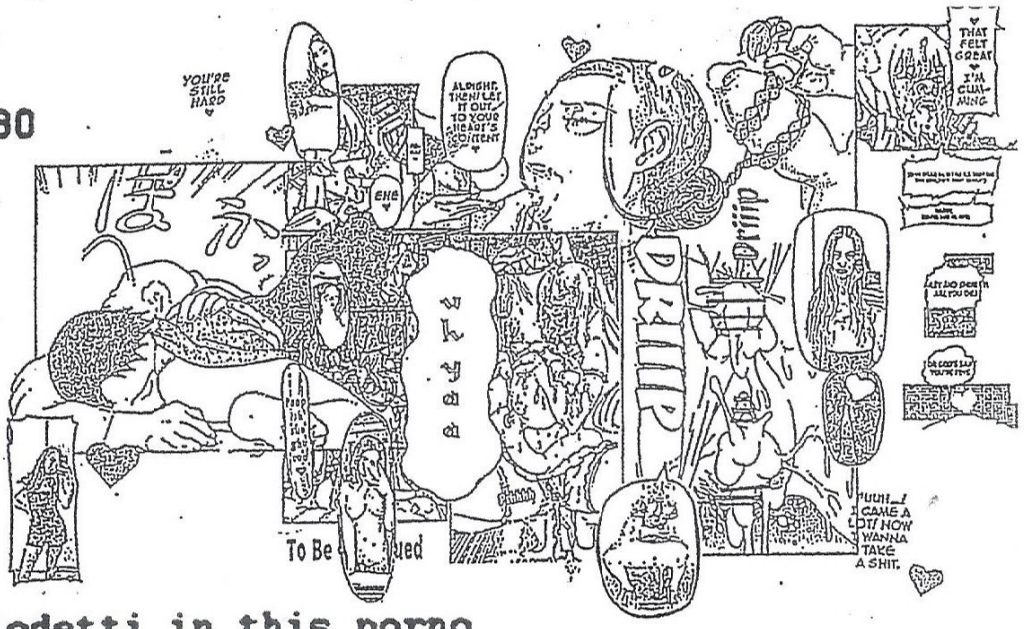
My Wife Goes Back to School, 1981
dir. Giuliano Carnimeo

I guess I didn't really notice that Carmen Russo's bangers aren't the genuine article until I watched this, but they are still aesthetically pleasing & match her toned figure and aren't the kind of outrageously large fake tits that throw off the rest of her proportions. She looks like an aerobics-mad version of Sophia Loren who, on top of her naturally gifted beauty, has crafted a stunning body through sheer Nietzschean willpower in the gym, and it makes perfect sense that she was a beauty pageant winner before turning to acting.

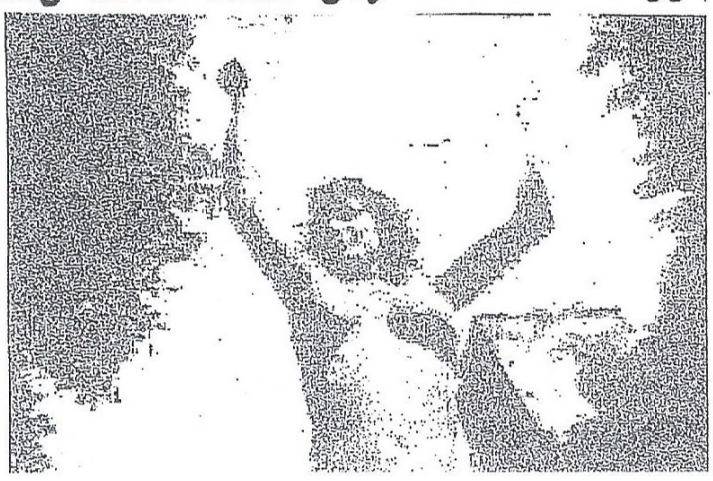
Bored and intellectually understimulated by her grocer husband, trophy wife Valentina enrols in a local boarding school to complete her education. I couldn't really tell if it was supposed to be a university or a sexually charged high school (this was still the era of raunchy high schooler movies that nobody batted an eyelid over) but the juvenile tone definitely make it feel like a Porky's-esque schoolboy wet dream.

Wardrobe malfunction-prone Valentina tries to focus on her studies, but horny professors, students and spouse threaten to derail her. I really felt for Valentina's produced-obsessed husband who Valentina constantly blue balls. Even when he finally lucks out & is about to get some schoolgirl pussy on the side, old semen-denying Valentina shows up to cockblock him one final time. Poor guy.

<u>The Porno Killers</u>, 1980
dir. Roberto Mauri

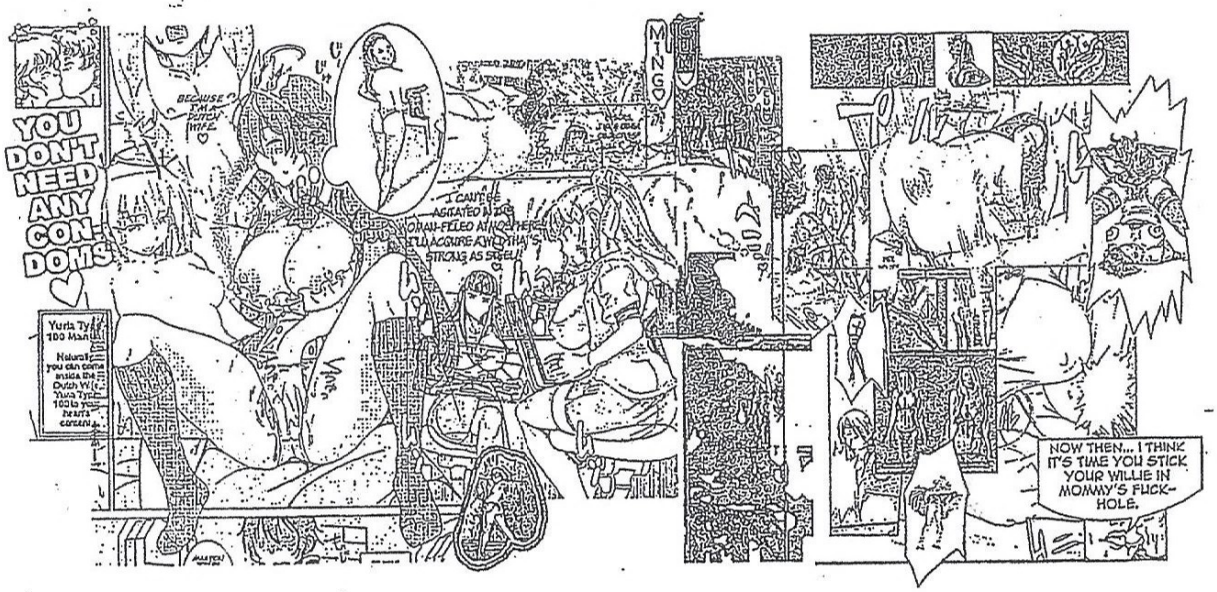

YOU'RE STILL HARD
ALRIGHT, THEN! LAY IT OUT TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT
THAT FELT GREAT
I'M CUMMING
DRIIIP
Driiip
To Be ued
UUUH... I CAME A LOT! NOW I WANNA TAKE A SHIT.

I went in expecting this be regular italo sleaze & got some unexpected p-in-v hardcore on top of that. Carmen is joined by barrel chested natty Cintia Lodetti in this porno crime caper about 2 frisky, big-titted assassinas who are hunting down some guy who has ripped off a drug dealer or something



(the subs on the rip that I watched were gobbledygook - "All as stability $5million And now it's your turn to continue mine" for example - so I missed alot of the finer plot points). Along the way they fuck or beat up just about every man they cross paths with, and then lez out when no men are

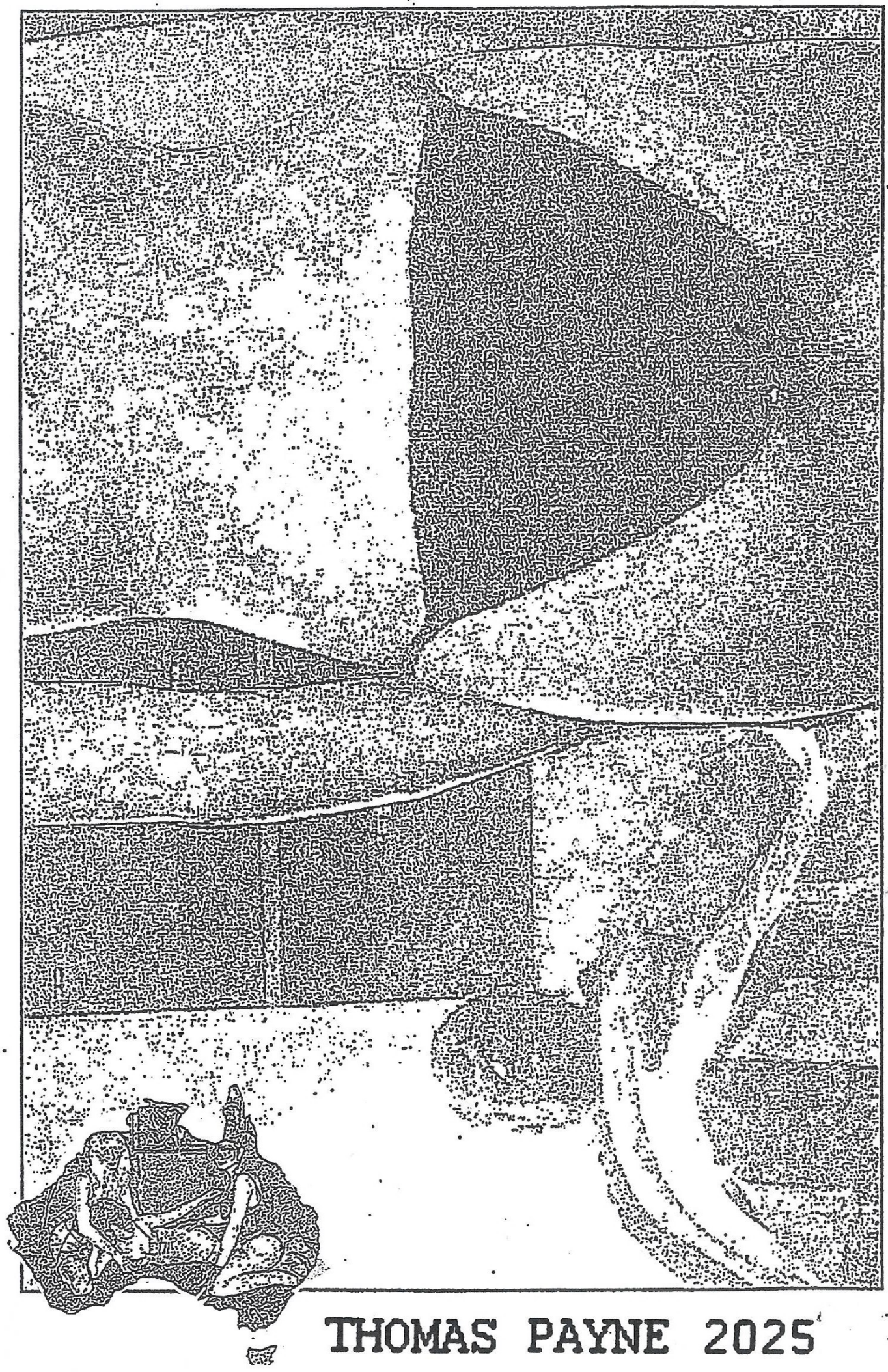
available. Although you see ALOT of both actresses, I guess neither was prepared to go full hardcore as the the sex scenes are disappointingly staged using body doubles for the penetration shots. Carmen does shake her generous cannolis around a great deal & flashes a shit tonne of bush - although the poor quality meant that I couldn't make out much more than a few squiggly lines. Somebody needs to do a 4K release for us horny nerds STAT! Hilariously, in the middle of a skinny dipping scene the film cuts to a completely unrelated orgy featuring a young Jamie Gillis, then skips back to the main storyline without any explanation. Anyways, the plot is nonsensical but this is probably the closest Carmen Russo ever came to doing straight up porn so it's worth seeing for that reason alone.



Savage Messiah, 1972
dir. Ken Russell

Hopelessly codependent sculptor Henri Gaudier (Scott Anthony), having been temporarily abandoned by his frigid muse/gf, hits the town declaring his intention to find some "Big, fleshy, sexy" whores, and runs smack bang into spoiled suffragette, rich girl & rabble rouser Gosh Brody (Helen Mirren) who drops her political crusade almost as quickly as she does her knickers for the cocky young artist. Never shy about stripping for the camera, Mirren is at the peak of her sexiness here with her wide hips and soft, plentiful breasts on full display- prancing and pirouetting her way into the running for all time best nude scene in movie history. Gosh! indeed.

THE END



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